

FEBRUARY 25c



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# Coronet



**14 WAYS  
TO SAVE  
ON YOUR  
INCOME TAX**

see page 116

# A KEY TO HAPPINESS

"It is one of the most beautiful compensations of life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself."—J. Pearson Webster

TO HELP OTHERS, you don't have to be an efficiency expert in the art: the main thing is the intention. You may be crude and clumsy, wasteful and ineffective, but if you sincerely *try to help*, your attempt produces nothing but good. The one you are trying to help knows your intention, and is strengthened and encouraged by the magic of your sharing. In nearly every case, your simple desire to help, converted into action, produces the good sought. But perhaps the greatest good is the good that you yourself get out of the attempt. Service

to others delivers even more joy to you than the joy you deliver to them. In doing good, you free yourself from the terrible burden of self, you escape from yourself into a clean world of joy and light. The good you simply *try to do*, regardless of the outcome, is *always* a success inside yourself.

Unselfish giving is your most efficient formula for happiness. For you have embraced God instead of Self; you have felt Life and Love, and you are now worlds bigger than you were before you began the project.

—JAMES T. MANGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE



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# GUARD AGAINST TOOTH DECAY AND GUM TROUBLES BOTH!

Dentists warn you must do both to save your teeth. Help prevent tooth decay as you guard your gums—with doubly-effective Ipana care!\*



\*With famous Ipana and massage, you and your family can fight tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. For no other dentifrice has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums. Get Ipana Tooth Paste today!



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FEBRUARY, 1950

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### Corer

Queen of Hearts	J. FREDERICK SMITH	
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## THE PERFECT FOOL

**I**N A 1927 MUSICAL SHOW, Ed Wynn fathered a comic classic. When someone noted that he was hungry enough to eat a horse, the comedian trotted off stage, returned with a great, sway-backed animal and asked, "Will you have mustard or horse radish?"

Ed has almost always relied on visual comedy. In nearly 50 years of provoking laughs, he has parlayed fluttery

hands and a befuddled look into an immortal comic figure—America's "Perfect Fool." When standard equipment palls, he invents his own props, such as a gadget with a typewriter carriage for eating corn-on-the-cob.

Now, on the first major network television show from the West Coast, Ed Wynn's style remains unchanged. He is still "The Perfect Fool."

Never before  
anything  
like it!



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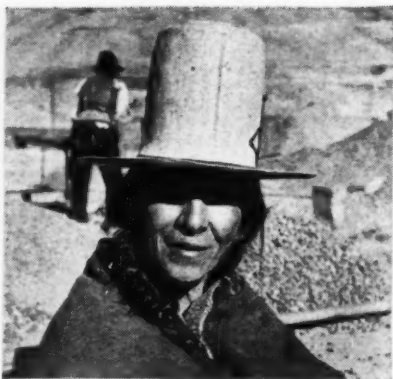
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**GENERAL**



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An Indian miner and her familiar hat.



Some leaves are said to help sick eyes.



A mother takes her baby everywhere.

## HIGH TREASURE

**I**NCAS, SPANISH CONQUERORS, native Indians and American businessmen were all lured from the rich tropical valleys of Bolivia to the dizzy altitudes of the Andes by the magnetism of treasure. Today, having gained a second wind, most of them are still on this rocky plateau—the altiplano—enduring the rigors of the cold and barren heights. They found their treasure—tin—on the roof of the world, and have been digging it out ever since.

La Paz, the capital city, like most of Bolivia's other 150 larger communities, is more than 11,000 feet above the Pacific Ocean. Lake Titicaca is Bolivia's northwestern gateway, a vast landlocked sea of 4,000 square miles. Yet, because it nestles among 12,000-foot mountain peaks, an ocean-going vessel had to be dismantled at sea level and borne up to South America's largest lake on the backs of Indians and burros.

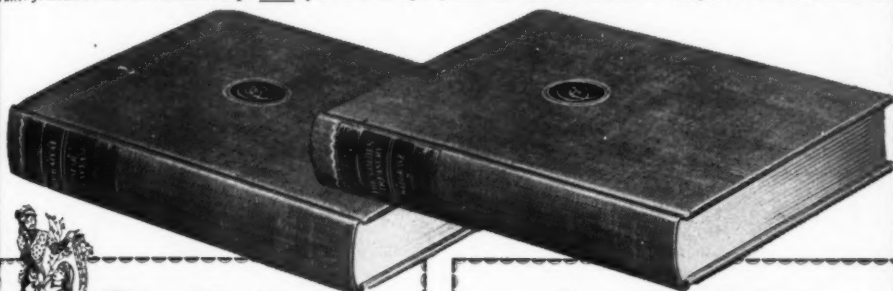
Once-proud guardians of an ancient civilization and culture, the Indians were subjugated by Old World conquerors and have never been able to attain their former glory. Having long since grown accustomed to the rarefied atmosphere, the Indians are inexhaustible. Many make the long trek from Argentina, Peru and other South American countries, coming to the fabulous tin mines, where the womenfolk often do much of the work.

Today, while the mainstream of civilization passes them by, the Indians—more than half the population—can be seen everywhere in Bolivia: selling gay costumes topped off by a brown derby, chewing coca leaves in the mines, or trudging along in family groups in the streets of La Paz—the husband first, empty-handed, then the derbied wife, carrying her child, papoose-fashion, in a voluminous shawl.

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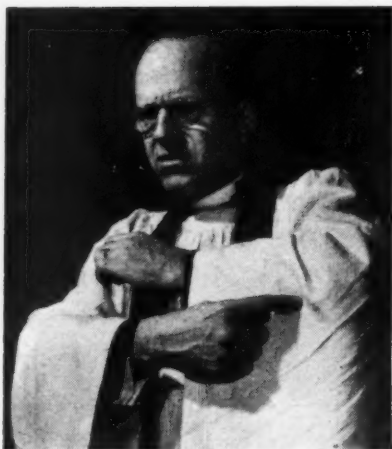
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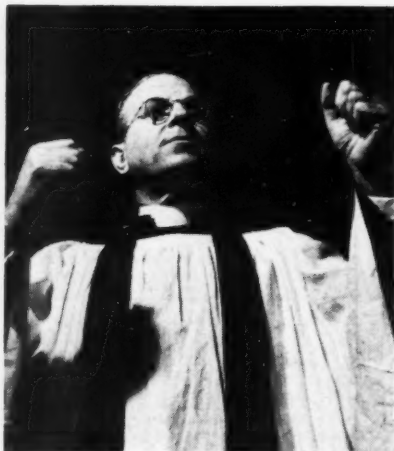
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Lead us not into temptation . . .



Deliver us from evil.



For thine is the . . . power



And the glory. Forever and ever, Amen.

## THE SILENT VOICE OF GOD

**E**VEN AN OUTSIDER feels the aura of consecration in this church, although neither the minister nor his congregation makes a sound. Through the language of signs, the voice of God is clearly heard in New York City's St. Ann's Church for the Deaf which meets

at old St. Mark's-in-The Bowverie.

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James M. Cox lost his home state—and the election—to Harding, a fellow Ohioan.



In a three-cornered fight, John W. Davis ran second to Silent Calvin Coolidge.



Alfred M. Landon carried only two states when he lost to Franklin D. Roosevelt.



The only double loser in Republican history, Thomas E. Dewey lost in an upset.

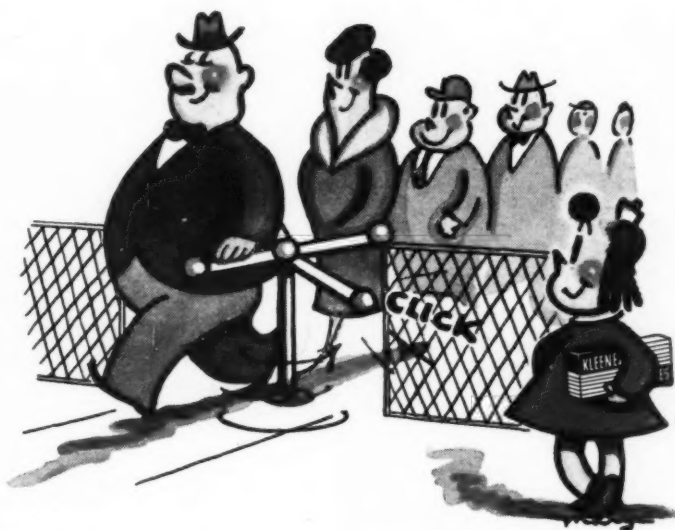
## THEY COULDN'T WIN

**G**EORGE WASHINGTON, the first American presidential candidate, had no avowed opponent. Since his time, however, every presidential election has been fiercely contested, once by as many as six major candidates.

The 28 men who gained election to

the most important office in the world had a total of more than 100 opponents. One of these, Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York, is still an active political figure. But the other three who are still living are now far removed from the heat of the political arena.

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*Little Lulu says: WHY FIGHT WITH A PACKAGE?*

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## Coronet Recommends...

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### "MY FOOLISH HEART"

**B**ECAUSE Mark Robson, Hollywood's newest sensation, has fashioned his third successive movie triumph. Having ignited the nation's screens with *Champion* and *Home of the Brave*, Director Robson this time has transformed a short story into a poignant and moving motion picture for Samuel Goldwyn-R-K-O. Susan Hayward and Dana Andrews star as the sweethearts caught up and bewildered by the vagaries of life and war.



### "LOVE HAPPY"

**B**ECAUSE, in their new United Artists' picture, the mad Marx brothers, still hilariously funny, have pulled out all the stops in a laughable tale about the missing Romanoff diamonds. Harpo—who wrote the story—plays a modern Robin Hood who regularly robs the larders of the rich to feed a troupe of starving actors; Chico is cast as Faustino, the Great Mind-Reader; and Groucho is the near-sighted detective and narrator.



### "THE HASTY HEART"

**B**ECAUSE with his performance as a young soldier who has only a few days to live, screen newcomer Richard Todd has made a serious bid for the year's acting honors. Only once in a while does a quiet, low-pitched story manage to achieve such dramatic intensity on the screen. Todd as a lonely Scot, Patricia Neal as his compassionate nurse, and Ronald Reagan have given honest distinction to this Warner Brothers movie.

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**PROVES** *Fine Foods*  
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*thanks to Ann Page*

8 ounces Ann Page Elbow Macaroni  
1 teaspoon salt  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Ann Page Thyme  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon Ann Page Pepper  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  pound ground beef  
1 green pepper, sliced  
2 onions, sliced  
1 clove garlic, chopped  
1 #2 can tomatoes  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated Parmesan cheese

Cook macaroni according to package directions; drain. Add seasonings to beef and sauté with green pepper, onions and garlic until lightly brown. Turn into baking dish. Stir in tomatoes and macaroni. Top with cheese. Bake in hot oven 400°F., for 25 minutes. 6 servings.

*\*Cost based on prices at A&P Super Markets at press time.*



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*A&P's Finest*  
BRANDS





Besides manipulating the puppets, Burnett painstakingly constructs each one.



Smoke blown through a tube into the figures makes pipe-puffing realistic.



Final touches are put on a replica of Toscanini, who leads a puppet orchestra.



Columnist Hedda Hopper gets a new bonnet. Burnett is expert at mimicry.

## He Pulls the Strings

A STRANGE FIGURE appears in Hollywood's Turnabout Theater, points to a behatted woman and recites: "Mary, Mary, quite contrary, please remove your millinery." Then the show begins. Only when a burly giant

steps onstage is the illusion shattered. Harry Burnett, master puppeteer, has appeared to collect his charges.

Asked why he doesn't take his puppets to Broadway, Burnett replies, "That would be work. This is fun."



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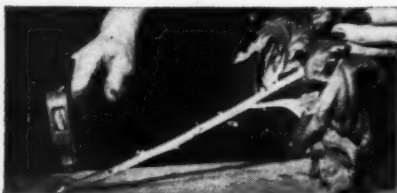
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Florist Alice Haines shows you how to increase the life span of your flowers.

## BEAUTY IN BLOOMS



Chrysanthemums, which often have hard, woody stems, should be smashed at the base to help water seep to leaves.



A sharp knife should be used in order to cut stems at an angle. Scissors have a tendency to push the stem together.



The lower leaves of a rose should be trimmed off to prevent rotting. Thorns are also removed in this operation.



The tight buds of a gladiola will seldom open. If not removed, they will cause the top of the flower to droop.





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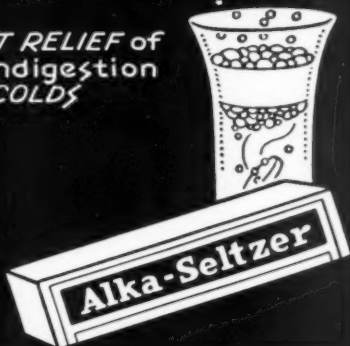


To lessen their discomforts,  
The great men of today  
Take **Alka-Seltzer** for **RELIEF**  
Until **COLDS** go away.

Use it also for **FAST RELIEF** of  
Headaches · Acid Indigestion  
Discomfort of **COLDS**

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All drugstores  
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Jack Hope serves as advance man and arranger for Bob's roving radio show.



Bob Crosby maintains he was 14 before he knew that Bing wasn't his father.



Arthur Shields, television star, may match brother Barry Fitzgerald's fame.



George Jolson, older brother of Al, owns a drugstore in Washington, D. C.

## THE SHADOW OF FAME

**P**INCH-HITTING for busy brothers Bob and Bing, Jack Hope and Bob Crosby were flying to a benefit show. When the stewardess asked their names, they responded: "Hope," "Crosby." Her tart rejoinder, "And I'm Marlene Dietrich," spurred a unique organization.

Before Jack and Bob landed, they had founded "Brothers of Famous Brothers." Its emblem would be a crying towel, its function to offer consolation to those who lived in the shadow of great fame. Today, it's still going strong.



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to brighten  
the  
noon hour

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Now—you can make the noon hour more pleasant—and

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For additional information on this easy and economical way to brighten and heighten the noonday . . . for a complete list of noon-hour program short subjects, write *today*, to:



**CORPORATION**

DEPT. C-103 • 65 E. SOUTH WATER ST., CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS



Pulling imaginary oars is good for thighs, if you pretend the boat is full.



Try touching knees to chest ten times. It removes pounds from the midriff.



Gradually increased deep knee-bends will greatly enhance your bodily control.



The cup-on-head balancing act improves posture, gives you a graceful walk.

## FASHIONS IN FIGURES

WHEN SARAH BERNHARDT was asked how she kept her beauty, she said: "Ah, but I have trained, I have exercised, and bathed—the trinity of beauty, the three handmaidens that we women who wish to be charming must obey."

Although the wasp-waist of "The

Immortal Sarah" and the straight-line silhouette of the 1920s have yielded to a more natural body line, her words still retain their basic truth. These photographs illustrate some at-home exercises to reduce excess poundage and make you feel better, too.



*The "Golden Throat"*

Finest tone system  
in RCA Victor history

**T**one  
you could never  
get before  
in a  
Table model



here's a big,  
8-inch speaker

in this dramatic radio with the  
"Golden Throat". The cabinet's less than a cubic foot  
in size, yet you feel you are listening to a full-sized  
console! Dramatic in styling, too, with its golden center  
against rich mahogany "Fine-Wood" finish on plastic.  
(Blond "Fine-Wood" finish for a few dollars more.)  
And there's a "phono-jack" for attaching the "45"  
automatic record changer. RCA Victor 9X571. \$39.95.

Prices are subject to change without notice—are slightly higher in Far West and South.



RCA Victor "45" plays the  
new 45 rpm records through  
any set! It's the world's finest, fastest  
automatic record changer. And the  
records? They're 7-inch size, non-  
breakable, last up to 10 times  
longer. AC Model 9JY, only... \$12.95



**RCA VICTOR**

Division of Radio Corporation of America

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION I

FEBRUARY, 1950

23



## PRIZE FIGHTER WITH PAWS

**T**HIS IS CHICKEN, whose ancestors probably date back 4,000 years to the Assyrian war dog. He is a prize Boxer, deep of chest, proud and noble.

According to one school, a Boxer

makes a few preliminary moves with his front paws when faced with a fight, like a man in a prize ring. Although he quickly abandons Queensberry rules in a real battle, the name has stuck.

# Make Your **CONVERSATION** Pay Dividends!



**FREE "Adventures In Just Mail  
Conversation" COUPON**

- Your personality is judged by your *every-day* conversation. Whatever you say *can* and *always* should reflect your real abilities. Are you sure you make a good impression every time you talk?

- In your conversation may lie the opportunity for social and business advancement—new friendships—new contacts—popularity—promotion—in *short*, **SUCCESS**.

- You may have a copy of our new booklet, "*Adventures in Conversation*," Free. It describes in detail a simple and practical method for self-training in conversation—in *your own home*.

- This unique method is heartily endorsed by leading educators.

- Acquire ease and skill in *conversation*. Learn the rules and make your conversation brighter, more entertaining and impressive. When you have learned the magic power of

words, you may find yourself becoming more popular and ascending to new heights in the business and social worlds.

## SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

You, too, can take the first step that may better equip you for social advancement and for new helpfulness in the business world. This booklet, "*Adventures in Conversation*," tells you how. It's free. Just fill in the coupon and mail. Don't delay another minute. Take the step **TODAY** that may mean so much to you.

## CONVERSATION STUDIES

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### CONVERSATION STUDIES

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Please send me a free copy of your new booklet "*Adventures in Conversation*."

Name

Address

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Scientist Julian Huxley



Novelist Aldous Huxley

## Coronets to — Julian and Aldous Huxley

WHEN JULIAN HUXLEY became head of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization, he escaped, for the first time, the shadow of his younger brother's fame to reach full stature on the world scene.

The Darwinian biologist, Thomas Huxley, once said of his grandson, Julian, "I like the way he looks you straight in the face and disobeys you."

Now, some 50 years later, Julian has advanced the cause of modern man by disobeying accepted scientific dogma and by sheer intellectual curiosity. It is significant that, in an age of science, he was chosen first Director-General of Unesco, one of the UN's most important agencies.

BUT FOR AN ACCIDENT of nature, Aldous Huxley might well have joined Julian in the field of science. While studying biology at Eton, he was stricken with a disease of the eye and almost blinded. Unshaken, he learned Braille and, at 18, wrote a novel—which he never read. Typewritten by the touch system, the manuscript could not be found when Huxley could see again.

In time, he became "Example No. 1 of the skeptical brilliance that burst forth after World War I." Later, his dependence on sheer intellectualism seemed not enough. Profiting from the faith that helped him to see, he came to know "a . . . freedom from the fundamental human disability of egotism."

### CREDITS

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# Coronet's Messenger

## DELIVERS YOUR ADVERTISING MESSAGE



CORONET'S ever lovable kiddies win their way into the coldest hearts and your advertising message travels with them in Coronet's famous Kiddie Calendar.

For 1951 Coronet has created many fine calendars for your advertising, using the kind of picture subjects that have won popular acclaim in past issues of the magazine. These good-will, business-building calendars include the Coronet Kiddies and Coronet Clipper Ships plus a host of other exclusive Coronet subjects. Advertising gifts and novelties are also included in the Line.

*For the calendar that your customer  
will keep and treasure, buy CORONET!*

Send the coupon below to see Coronet's 1951 Calendar Line without obligation to you.

**Coronet** CALENDAR DIVISION • Coronet Building • Chicago 1, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send your representative to show me the Coronet Calendar Line for 1951.

My Name.....

Name of Firm.....

Address..... Phone.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

*(Please attach your business letterhead. Our calendars are offered for commercial advertising exclusively. Please do not request samples by mail.)*

To brighten up  
your daytime hours . . .

There's ALWAYS great ENTERTAINMENT  
on ABC!



#### MY TRUE STORY

touches on personal problems that could be yours. It's real life drama from the pages of *True Story*. Charles Warburton (right) directs.

(Sponsored by Libby, McNeill & Libby and Sterling Drug, Inc.)  
Monday thru Friday,  
10:00 A.M., E.S.T.



#### DON McNEILL and THE BREAKFAST CLUB

make your first meal of the day a banquet of good cheer and happy memories. Don and his crew serve you with humor, sentiment, music and inspiration.

A 17-year favorite with morning's millions of Breakfast Clubbers.  
(Sponsored by Swift & Co. — General Mills — Philco)  
Monday thru Friday,  
9:00 A.M., E.S.T.



### BETTY CROCKER

lightens your "homework" with helpful counsel on food and home-making—interviews the day's most interesting people. (Sponsored by General Mills) *Mon. thru Fri., 10:25 A.M., E.S.T.*



### MODERN ROMANCES

Helen Gregory edits these absorbing, inspiring dramas that mirror life — from *Modern Romances* magazine. (Sponsored by General Mills) *Monday thru Friday, 11:00 A.M., E.S.T.*

### BRIDE AND GROOM

will pull at your heart strings. Learn how romance blossomed. John Nelson (right) sets the wedding bells ringing. (Sponsored by Sterling Drug, Inc.) *Monday thru Friday, 2:30 P.M., E.S.T.*



### QUICK AS A FLASH

Bill Cullen emcees this lightning-fast variety quiz — a five-year radio favorite now on ABC. (Sponsored by Quaker Oats Co.) *Monday thru Friday, 11:30 A.M., E.S.T.*



### LADIES BE SEATED

Join Johnny Olsen and the ladies in this breeziest, laugh- ingest collection of gags and games. Sure-cure for the blues! (Sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes) *Monday thru Friday, 12:00 Noon, E.S.T.*



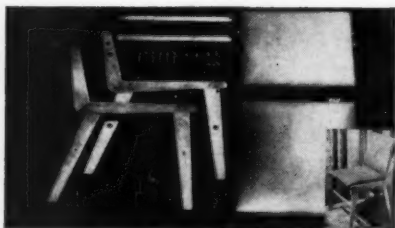
### TED MALONE

is radio's favorite story-teller... a friendly, homespun roving reporter-at-large. Listen and relax. (Sponsored by Westinghouse) *Monday thru Friday, 12:25 P.M., E.S.T.*

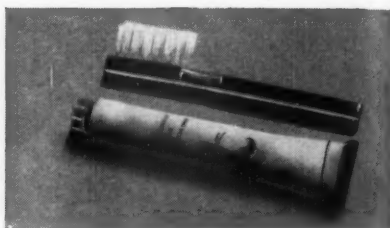


Keep Listening to **ABC**  
AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY  
A NETWORK OF RADIO STATIONS SERVING AMERICA

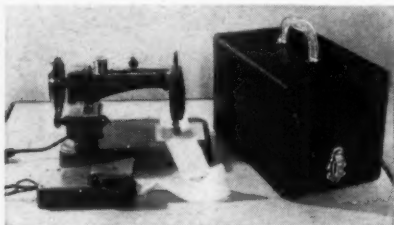
# Coronet's Family Shopper



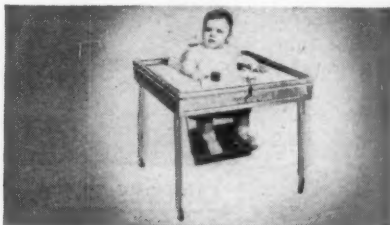
**P**ICK UP THE PIECES, put screws in place, and you have a modern, upholstered occasional chair in mahogany, walnut or black-lacquer finish; in colors like hunter green, lemon yellow.



**Y**OU'RE AS YOUNG as you feel—and look. So cover those misleading gray hairs with this natural-looking cream, brushed on in shades to match your own coloring. Not a dye, it washes out.



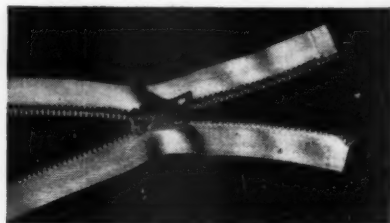
**L**IGHT IN WEIGHT and on your pocket-book, this portable electric sewing machine fits into a simulated leather case. It's the delight of novices, since it has no bobbin that can get tangled.



**E**XPANDABLE, tip-proof legs keep this low-level feeding table close to the floor or raise it to play-height when baby grows older. The chair becomes a swing, the table top a blackboard.



**T**REAT YOUR STOCKINGS to a snag-resistant process, adding miles to their life. Swab them with a harmless solution which doesn't affect their color, and they'll withstand rough surfaces.



**E**VER SEE A ZIPPER that could be opened at top and bottom, set at any spot and, with a simple motion, closed tight again? Here's one with button adaptability for coats, jackets.

# Lovelier BROADLOOM RUGS!

and You **SAVE** up to  $\frac{1}{2}$

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Just  
Send Your  
**OLD RUGS**  
AND CLOTHING to the  
**OLSON RUG Factory**

**It's All So Easy!** Write for Free Olson Rug catalog that tells how your materials are picked up at your door and shipped at our expense to the Factory, where... **BY THE OLSON PROCESS** we sterilize, shred, merge materials of all kinds—reclaim the valuable wools, etc., then bleach, card, spin, dye, and weave lovely, new, deeply-tufted, Two-Sided Broadloom Rugs at **Our Lowest Prices in Years!**

Mail this Coupon or 1c Postcard for



Deep pile on both sides (almost  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick).

## Colors, Sizes for All Needs

Hundreds of sizes up to 16 ft. wide seamless and any length. Choice of:

Solid Colors	Embossed Effects
Tweed Blends	Early American
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We Guarantee to please or pay for your materials. Three million customers. Our 76th Year. We do not have agents or sell thru stores.

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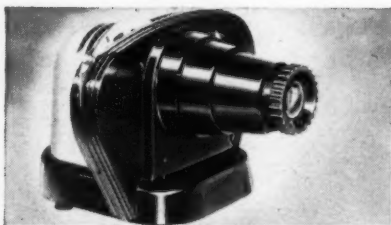
## **FREE** Catalog in Colors

**OLSON RUG CO., A-48, Chicago 41, Ill.**

Please mail Book of Rugs, Model Rooms to:

Name.....  
Address.....  
Town.....State.....

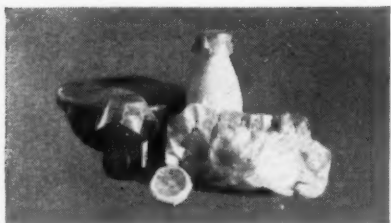
# Coronet's Family Shopper



**YOU CAN TRAVEL** around the world without leaving home by watching the colored pictures projected by this machine. The slides are mounted in a reel, and enlarge to 11 by 12 inches.



**DESIGNED BY** a custom dressmaker, these plastic patterns can be tried on and fitted before you start sewing. The pattern is stitched, and each piece is marked with the grain of the fabric.



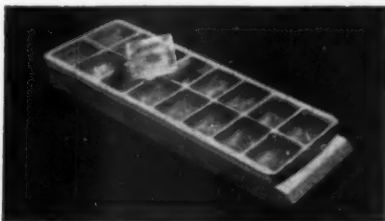
**FOOD STAYS FRESH** when wrapped in this self-sealing waxed paper. The inner surface sticks to itself, and nothing else. The paper seals when pressed together, keeping out air and odors.



**CHILDREN WILL ENJOY** watching their favorite storybook animals on junior-sized chests, wardrobe and screen. Made of fiberboard, the furniture is sturdy, yet won't hurt the budget.



**JUST PRESS THE BUTTON** and spray a coating of wax on your automobile. Then wipe it off and, with a minimum of muscle work and time, you've put a glossy, hard finish on the family chariot.



**PRESS THE BOTTOM** of any one of the ice-cube pockets in this latex-lined tray, and out pops a cube. The tray won't stick, and cubes can be removed without pulling out the whole tray.

**I WEAR FALSE TEETH**  
yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool.  
No "DENTURE BREATH" for me\*



**Keep your dental plates  
odor-free by daily  
soaking in Polident**

When plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for Denture Breath. False teeth need the special care of a special denture cleanser—Polident. For a smile that sparkles . . . for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh . . . for freedom from worry about Denture Breath . . . soak your plates in Polident every day. Costs only about a cent a day to use.

**"Every day I soak my plates in a solution of Polident and water. My mouth feels clean and cool and no Denture Breath!" Mrs. R. F. M., Denver, Colo.**



Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

**Use POLIDENT Daily**

**No Brushing**

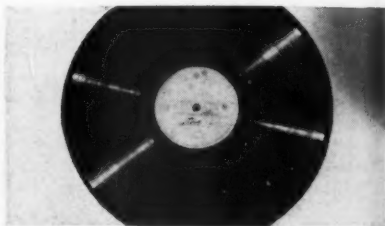
**RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER**

**LOOSE FALSE TEETH?** Double Your Money Back Unless this Amazing New Cream Holds Plates Tighter, Longer than Anything You've Ever Tried. **POLI-GRIP**

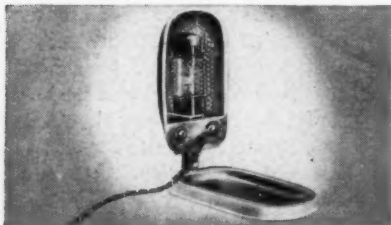
# Coronet's Family Shopper



**P**UT THE PAINTBRUSHES away without cleaning them, and they'll still be pliable months later. The trick is to wipe off the excess paint, put the brush in this plastic bag, and fasten the top.



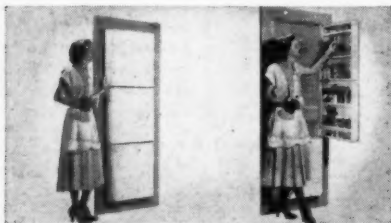
**E**YES GROW WIDE with wonder as little ears hear their names, and those of their friends and dog, woven into a story on a record. You supply the details, the narrator invents the tale.



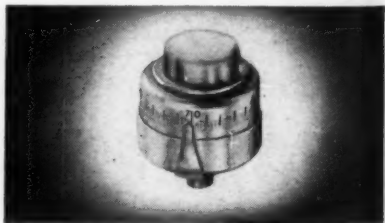
**R**ELAXING HEAT or tanning ultraviolet rays are available with the flip of a switch. The portable lamp folds for easy storage, and combines ultraviolet and infrared lamps in one reflector.



**A** SHINY SURFACE, resistant to acids, alcohol and even boiling water, can be applied to furniture, linoleum and metal surfaces with this plastic-base liquid. Nonskid, it will last for months.



**O**N THE BACK of your kitchen or bathroom door, you can hang one to three units of space-adding closets. The shelves hold jars, cleaning equipment and gadgets, and swing out of the way.



**S**ET THE TEMPERATURE indicator on this steam-radiator valve, and your room heats to the proper degree. Room temperatures can be individually regulated minus tools or complex equipment.

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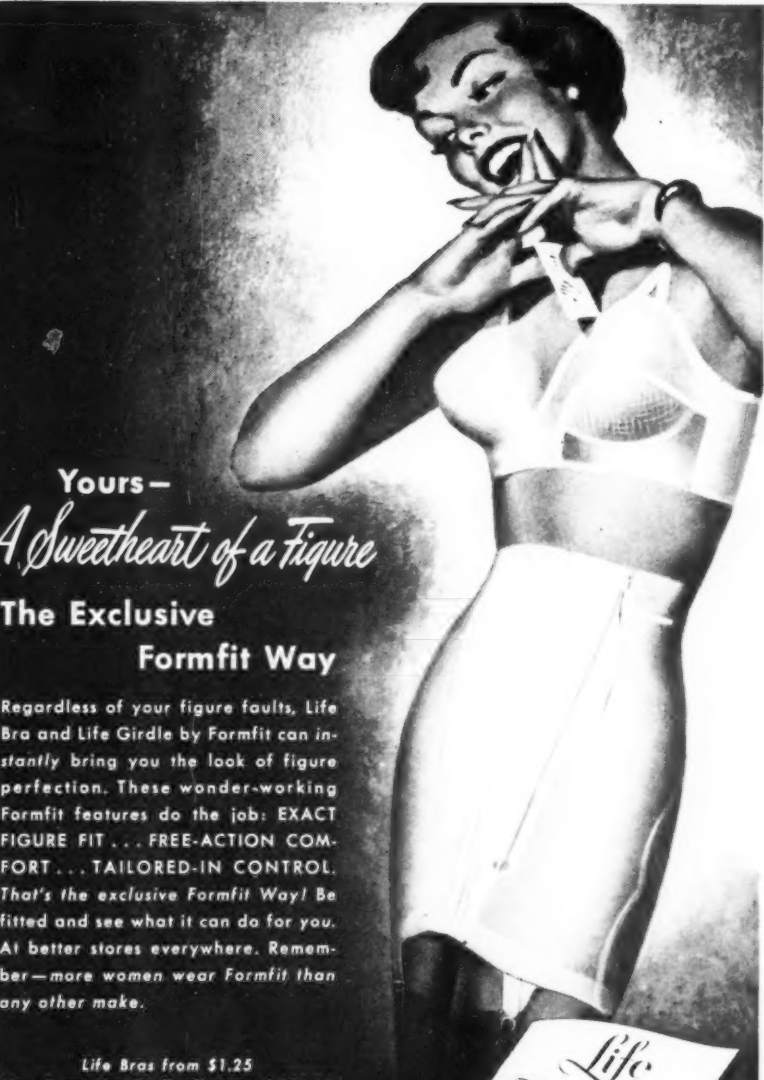
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**Yours—**  
*A Sweetheart of a Figure*

**The Exclusive  
Formfit Way**

Regardless of your figure faults, Life Bra and Life Girdle by Formfit can instantly bring you the look of figure perfection. These wonder-working Formfit features do the job: EXACT FIGURE FIT . . . FREE-ACTION COMFORT . . . TAILORED-IN CONTROL. That's the exclusive Formfit Way! Be fitted and see what it can do for you. At better stores everywhere. Remember—more women wear Formfit than any other make.

Life Bras from \$1.25  
New Scant Hip Girdle illustrated \$10.95  
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For breakfast tomorrow—  
*Swift's Premium Bacon* with the  
**sweet Smoke taste!**



SPECIAL MILDNESS,  
SPECIAL ZEST...  
THE BEST-LIKED  
BACON OF ALL!



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Premium  
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## REPAYMENT IN FULL

by JIM KJELGAARD

THIS IS A STORY of a man I know who, for ten years, staggered under so crushing a load that it almost killed him.

We will call him Thomas Smith, a common-enough name for a common-enough man—one of millions who toil at an ordinary job in an ordinary way and do the best they can, no matter what happens. Thomas differed from some of his numerous contemporaries only in that he had a powerful conscience.

His marriage was neither very happy nor unhappy. According to

her lights, his wife doubtless did things in the best possible fashion. But she still had dreams of her own—dreams that were not brought to fruition by a minor employee in a great accounting firm. Why did so many people always seem to be doing the glamorous things which the Smiths could never do?

Smith worked as hard as he could, and always with the idea that he must do a little more than merely satisfy his superiors. And yet, because he wanted to give his wife as much as he could, he was

almost miserly. If his favorite cigarettes cost a penny more, he smoked the next best.

Their first year, the Smiths had produced a daughter whom Mrs. Smith, who found part of the glamour she craved in the movies and in romantic novels, insisted on naming Diane Bernardine. Thomas Smith hoped with all the fervor of a frustrated heart and soul that his daughter some day would have what he thought of as the good things of life.

Then, when Diane was nine years old, she scalded herself horribly with a carelessly placed tea-kettle. The family doctor did not mince words with Thomas Smith. He told him that he himself could do nothing. Unless Diane was to be scarred for life, a specialist was needed, and there were not more than half a dozen surgeons in the world who could operate successfully. The minimum fee for any of them was \$1,500. Could Thomas Smith raise that much?

"I'll get it," he said.

First, he went to the bank where he kept his modest savings account. The assistant manager listened gravely, then just as gravely informed him that he lacked collateral. Thomas owned no property—or much of anything else.

Smith went next, and futilely, to various loan companies. Then he did something which normally he would not have done in his wildest dreams; he laid the whole problem before his boss. The boss was properly sympathetic, but could do nothing except take it up with the office force. They were able to contribute only \$500.

Finally, after weeks of search,

Thomas found someone willing to loan \$1,500. Of course, there were stipulations attached. In addition to three per cent interest a month, Thomas must pay the man \$25 every month for the risk he was incurring.

The harassed father would have agreed to whatever the man asked; he thought only of his daughter. He gave the precious \$1,500 to his family doctor and told him: "All right. Get the specialist!"

Diane was taken to the hospital, and after a suitable period Thomas Smith saw her emerge without the faintest trace of a scar. That night, on bended knees, he thanked God. Now he could take care of the crushing load he had assumed.

AT THE TIME, Thomas was earning a modest \$225 a month. Three per cent of \$1,500 is \$45, and in addition to that he had agreed to pay the loan shark \$25 every month. Although the transaction was illegal, Thomas assumed the debt as a moral obligation.

Before this happened, just getting along had been a struggle for the Smiths. Now the need for repaying what he had borrowed took almost a third of his total income.

For a while, so fresh was the miracle of the daughter's recovery, this burden was not overwhelmingly onerous. Mrs. Smith even assented when he told her that they would have to move into cheaper quarters.

Meanwhile, Thomas worked harder than ever. When there was overtime to be had, he asked for it. Nothing was too much as long as he earned that all-important \$70 a month, plus what they needed for

living. And his family patiently agreed, and said nothing.

As the years passed, however, and Diane became a lovely young girl, the picture changed. Thomas had managed to keep up with the interest on his debt, and to reduce the principal. But how did he know, his wife asked, that Diane would not have become perfectly well anyhow? Why had he subjected them to this terrific burden, with no real evidence that it had been necessary?

Did he not realize that, just in what he had paid as interest, the Smiths could have gone a long way towards owning their own home? Instead, he had brought them all to the verge of ruin.

Thomas bore these additional blows with outward stoicism, but inwardly they hurt. Now, he felt, he was working alone, but he still thought his actions both just and justified. Diane was blooming into flawless womanhood, and that alone repaid Thomas fully.

Now he devoted every waking moment to earning money. In addition to what he did for his firm, he gave evenings and Sundays to whatever he could find: helping small businessmen balance their books; assisting people with income-tax problems.

One night, as he worked late on such a task, the room whirled about him. Where there had been light, there was only darkness. Thomas sat perfectly still in his chair until the attack passed, and next day he visited a doctor.

The doctor used many long words but their meaning was clear: in six months, Thomas Smith would be dead.

Thomas knew cold terror. He still had almost half the debt to pay. It *must* be paid. But where was he going to get that much money in six short months?

HE SPENT A LONELY and tortured night trying to solve his apparently insoluble problem. Over the years he had become even more desperately attached to his job, and more haunted by fear of what might happen if he lost it. The debt had become a monster that would destroy him should he let it out of control. And the only way he could possibly control it was by having the money ready when it was due.

On that lonely night, Smith tried to analyze his problems as carefully as he would have analyzed a double column of bookkeeping figures. The legal aspects of the matter were no longer troublesome; lawsuits meant little to a man who had only six months to live. The fact that he had already paid the loan shark \$1,500 several times over meant little, too.

Thomas Smith could not forget the simple fact that he had promised to pay. Not to discharge his obligation was unthinkable.

With morning, he knew what he must do. To cash his small insurance policy would leave his wife with nothing whatever, not even funeral expenses. Therefore, he had six months to build a new career, and to finish the other half of a task that had already taken a decade.

When Thomas reported for work next morning he told his boss: "I'm quitting to take a new job!"

A wild bull appearing in that office could not have been more of a sensation. Thomas Smith had become as much of a fixture as one of

the office machines. In fact, he was the spirit of the firm. His puzzled boss went right to the president with Smith's record.

The president, a man of figures, studied it methodically. He discovered just how efficient Thomas had always been, just how many labor and moneysaving devices he had introduced. His record was the written story of a man who had worked very hard and been completely loyal and efficient.

The president, a good executive, decided that Thomas was too good to lose. Long ago he should have been offered a more responsible job at greatly increased pay. So he sent for Smith and offered him just that. Thomas hesitated. Here was a chance which, ordinarily, he would have leaped at. But events were no longer ordinary. He had to pay almost half of \$1,500 in six months, and he would not be able to do that even with this higher salary.

The president interpreted his hesitation as reluctance. Perhaps

some other firm had made him a more attractive offer. . . .

"We would like to prove our appreciation of your loyalty and good work," he said, "and we'd like to keep you with us. If a substantial bonus would help you decide—?"

One week later, Thomas Smith paid the last penny of his debt. When he left the loan shark's office, he was seized with an exhilaration of spirit he had never known before. For the first time in years he was free from worry.

Six months later, Thomas looked at the amazed doctor who had predicted that he would be dead by this time. That was 15 years ago. Today, the doctor is dead, but Thomas Smith isn't. He still works hard all week, but every week end he has a glorious time playing with his grandchildren in the country home he built for his family.

And, if you ever go past his office, look twice at the sign on the door. It now reads:

Thomas Smith, *Vice-President.*



## Her Contribution

**D**URING THE "March of Dimes" drive, one of the "barkers" in our town observed a lady crossing the street toward him with her purse hanging open. The loud-speaker at his station immediately blared out: "Hey, there, lady, your purse is open."

As she neared him, the "barker," seeing an opportunity, continued: "Now, lady, why don't you con-

tribute some of what you might have lost to the March of Dimes?"

To his surprise and delight, she came to the little table where donations were made and laid down a 20-dollar bill. "This is not for what I might have lost," she said quietly. "It is for what I have already lost. Two years, three months and two days ago, I lost my only child—my son—to polio."

—C. H. MERRELL

# That Mysterious Stuff Called Snow



by NORMAN CARLISLE

A paradox of nature, science has put it into the fight to increase our food supply

IF SOMEONE WHO had never seen snow should ask you to define it, you might say it is light, cold, pure and definitely white. But you could be wrong on all points. The truth is, snow is fantastic stuff, at times so un-snowlike that it flabbergasts even scientists who have spent years studying it.

You may agree with the poets who sing about its beauties, yet snow can actually be a ruthless killer. You may, like the harried officials charged with clearing it from streets and highways, term it a nuisance. However, snow happens to be so enormously valuable that, far from trying to get rid of it, scientists are busy figuring out ways to *save* it. Add up all the contra-

dictory facts and you have one of nature's most fascinating paradoxes.

Take the business of weight. A handful of snow seems light, but get enough of it in one spot and it becomes enormously heavy. A weather forecaster, who left a large galvanized pail lying on its side when the first snowfall of the season came, discovered in the spring that the snow had crushed it flat.

On the other hand, snow is one of the world's best insulating materials. At Milton, Massachusetts, a scientist took a thermometer reading of 19 below zero at three feet above the snow's surface. He next held the thermometer directly above the snow and the mercury dived to 27 below. Then he pushed the

thermometer into the snow for seven inches. The reading showed 24 *above* zero! Those seven inches of fluffy white made a difference of 51 degrees!

Scientists have given truth to the old saying "pure as the driven snow" by proving that only one-billionth of the average flake is made up of impurities. But sometimes a snowstorm gets mixed up with a cloud of dust and produces strange results. One of the most recent phenomena occurred in Chicago in 1947, when a January snow astonished citizens by its dark brown color.

Surprisingly enough, even snow free from dust is not always white. In 1911 a group of mountain climbers in Yosemite National Park were amazed to discover that their pack animals were leaving red tracks. At first they thought the mules must have been injured; then one man picked up a handful of snow and squeezed. It turned to red!

Red snow has been observed in many parts of the world, and yellow as well. The explanation is simple: tiny colored plants contained in the flakes, though sometimes snow has to be compressed before the color can be seen.

An Hungarian woman scientist, Erzsebet Kol, explored mountains in Alaska to find out more about these plants, and discovered at least 50 varieties that seemed to "grow" in snow. The strangest effect she found was "polka-dot" snow—an area dotted with splotches of red plants.

Snow is probably at its most fascinating state as individual flakes. The knowledge that no two are exactly alike can be traced to a

man who devoted his life to studying snow crystals.

In Vermont, in the '80s, a farmer reluctantly paid \$100 for a microscope and camera for his son who wanted, of all things, to take pictures of snowflakes. The boy was Wilson Bentley, later to become world-famous as "The Snowflake Man."

Bentley took his first picture when he was 19, and kept on photographing flakes for 12 years before he received recognition. Scientists scoffed at the strange shapes of the crystals: they claimed that he, not nature, had arranged the flakes in such fantastic forms as hexagons with scalloped edges. But gradually their skepticism changed to wonder, and from all over America they began asking Bentley for prints of his marvelous photographs.

Despite his scrutiny, however, there is something in a snowflake that Bentley never saw—a tiny electrical charge. Air pilots notice its effect on their radios when they encounter a snowstorm. Scientists were puzzled by the fact that snow caused static during flight yet didn't affect planes on the ground.

To solve the mystery, Vincent Schaefer, General Electric's wizard of snow, measured the electric charges of individual flakes and found them so slight that even billions of crystals could hardly create the static. Then he tried hurling flakes against a metal plate at high speeds, in much the manner that they would strike a plane in flight.

Sure enough, he got the static, and found the answer when he examined the particles that had smashed against the metal. They had been shattered into as many as 500 fragments, and somehow

this process had increased their electrical charge as much as 100 times!

To New York City authorities, snow is just a multimillion-dollar headache. They live in fear of another snowfall like that of December, 1947, when 90,000,000 tons fell in the New York City area. It took more than 30,000 men and cost \$6,000,000 to remove it from Manhattan alone.

Yet the storm of '47 falls far short of being the champ among snowfalls. The all-time whopper, if old reports can be believed, occurred February 4, 1798, at Norfolk, Virginia, when 60 inches fell! Incredible as it seems, another 40 inches fell a few days later.

Forseasonalsnowfalls, Tamarack, California, holds the all-time record. There, during the winter of 1906-07, astonished snow surveyors discovered that the fall for the season totaled 884 inches, or almost 74 feet!

In the mountains of the West, snow is regarded not as a menace but as a "billion-dollar crop." For what happens in the lofty ranges of the Sierras and the Rockies during the winter months represents the difference between disaster and prosperity for millions of people in 11 Western states.

Will melting snows yield enough water to fill streams and reservoirs? Getting the answer to that question costs state governments a million a year for snow surveying. On skis, snowshoes and aboard a curious gasoline-powered vehicle called the Sno-Cat, the surveyors venture far beyond civilization to take readings on 1,000 snow courses.

What they find out by thrusting pipes into the snow makes big news

when they emerge from the wilderness. Their predictions are miracles of accuracy. They can tell, for instance, that there will be a drought in August because the snow isn't deep enough in March.

The surveyor may go armed with scientific apparatus, but the thing he needs most is plain courage, for he has one of the most hazardous jobs on earth.

One surveyor and his partner were skiing along their survey route in the Nevada mountains. They had reached the base of a steep slope when suddenly, with a terrifying roar, tons of snow swept down, burying them both.

When he came to, the surveyor saw a faint gleam above and realized he was beside a tree against which the snow had piled loosely. Agonizing pain shot through his leg, telling him it must be broken, but he pulled himself up from branch to branch until he reached the surface. Near-by he found his partner's dead body.

The surveyor was alone in the wilderness, miles from the nearest settlement, yet somehow—just how, he never knew—he managed to make his way to a cabin where he received aid. Doctors found no less than six broken bones, but he was back on the job the next season.

**I**N CANADA, A SCIENTIST has made a striking discovery about snow conservation that opens breath-taking possibilities for increasing our food supply. T. C. Aylwin, Ottawa engineer, became increasingly concerned about the great prairies of western Canada. They are vast and fertile, but they do not raise anything like the crops they could be-

cause the few summer rains do not provide enough moisture. And even though snow blankets them in the winter, most of the snow evaporates. What is left in the spring quickly runs off because the ground is frozen too hard to absorb water.

Agricultural scientists figure that loss at more than four inches—the difference between lush crops and scanty ones. Couldn't something be done to save that precious moisture?

First, Aylwin had to find the reason why so much snow evaporated. He prowled around snow-covered fields, probing, testing, taking temperature readings. The answer, he found, was that the snow presented too much surface to the air. In addition to the spaces between the granules, there were fissures through which currents of air moved, carrying the moisture with them into the atmosphere.

Now it was necessary to cut down that exposed surface by packing those granules together and closing the fissures. To accomplish this, Aylwin worked out a kind of sled which was really a stove on runners. This contraption, pulled across the surface of the snow, melted it

and formed a thin coating of ice.

That worked all right. There was virtually no evaporation. Instead, the water trickled through the granules of snow, softening the ground and soaking into it. But Aylwin couldn't pull heated sleds across millions of acres of prairie.

What about the sun? Why not let it do the work? True, the winter temperature of the prairies stayed well below freezing, but if Aylwin could put a *black* surface on the snow, it would absorb enough sunlight to melt it and form a protective crust of ice.

Aylwin tinkered until he produced a smoke-making machine which, mounted on a sled, quickly sprays a thin coating of carbon. Adapted to use in a helicopter, the machine might be utilized to spray large areas.

More experiments are needed, but optimistic agriculturists believe the kinks can be ironed out in the near future. Within a few years they visualize fabulous yields from rich, virginal soil that has simply been awaiting the magic of science to make it add millions of tons to the world's food supply.



## On a Night for Love

IT WAS A NIGHT made for love, and a pretty but prim little schoolteacher had accepted a young man's invitation for a drive in his car. Moonlight and the soft summer breeze proved too much for her scruples and . . . well . . . she let him kiss her.

Instantly she was in tears on

his shoulder. "Oh, oh!" she wailed. "How can I ever face those innocent little children again, with two black marks against me?"

"Whaddya mean, *two* black marks?" the young man asked.

She snuggled closer. "Why—you're going to kiss me *again*, aren't you?"

—Investment Dealer's Digest



## Think It Over

WHEN SOMEONE STOPS advertising, someone stops buying. When someone stops buying, someone stops selling. When someone stops selling, someone stops making. When someone stops making, someone stops earning.

ing. When someone stops earning, someone stops buying.

All of which preaches a powerful business lesson to every American who is interested in helping to maintain our high standard of living.



ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

# Don't let experts rule your children



by JANE WHITBREAD

Awed by "authorities," too many parents are shirking their responsibilities

ONCE THERE WAS a little city girl named Ellen. She was five years old and for all of those five years her closest friend and comforter was a warm, sweet-voiced, loving, illiterate maid.

Ellen's father was a young man who knew that the future of his family depended on his "getting ahead." So most of the time when he wasn't working, he was entertaining or going out.

Ellen's mother fitted smoothly into her husband's mold. Her days were devoted to committees and good works in the community, her

evenings to the promotion of her husband.

The little girl went to a good progressive school; her mother was on the board. But the maid took Ellen to and from school every day.

The little girl went to the Zoo and to the Museum and to the Park and to the skating class. And her maid took her to everything and every place that could enrich her early years.

At night, when Ellen went to bed, the mother and father, if they had not left for dinner, kissed her good night with smiles on their

faces. And when she heard the door close behind them, she called the maid, who put her to bed with little-girl stories from her own childhood and protective hugs and warm tuckings-in.

Then the mother and father, who spared nothing in their efforts to get the best of everything for Ellen, the only little girl they had, decided that the maid was too ignorant for a child of five, who needed to be read to and would soon need help with schoolwork. So the maid went away. And, sandwiching it between meetings, the mother gave the child what the maid hadn't the schooling to supply.

But there was no one then to give Ellen what the maid had the love to give. And the little girl showed it most pitifully. She sucked her thumb. She talked baby talk. She wouldn't go to school. And the mother, who had never had occasion to consider her anything but charming, found Ellen impossible to cope with.

Of course she sent for the doctor. And the doctor sent for the psychiatrist. After one interview, the psychiatrist told the mother that Ellen was turning to babyhood in search of the affection the departed maid had given her. Then he suggested alternative courses of therapy:

1. The father and mother could act like real parents and love their daughter.

2. They could restore the loving, motherlike maid.

The parents decided to restore the maid, so unsure were they of their ability to father and mother the child they had produced. And the little girl surrendered her infantile tricks and went back to

growing up as five-year-olds should.

There are two incredible things about this true story. First, that parents could be so little acquainted with their child that an expert, after an hour's consultation, could tell them what five years of parenthood had failed to reveal. And second, that having been told, they still preferred to buy for their daughter her elementary birthright—love.

IF ELLEN'S CASE were unique, one could shrug it off. But a frightening number of parents today are substituting the pronouncements of "authorities" for their own judgment, understanding and love.

Listen to any group of women swapping stories about their children. Instead of the "I find," "My mother said," "I feel," "Our family does," that would have punctuated such a discussion 25 years ago, you hear: "My pediatrician says," "My child's nursery teacher believes," "Dr. So and So claims," "Freud explains," "I heard."

Some mothers, unlike Ellen's parents, rebel at turning their children over to the care of others or rearing them according to the clinical findings of experts. But even then, they can't escape the "Authority" cult completely. They are lucky to pick up a paper, turn on the radio or look at a magazine without being bombarded with new information on how to build up Bobbie's security. As a result, they are always hesitant about relying on their own instinctive reactions. And their children reflect this indecision in the very nervousness and insecurity which the experts are so bent on abolishing.

Mary's mother read all about the

important studies of noted Dr. X. She was willing to accept his conclusions that a child, if left to himself, will naturally choose a well-balanced diet.

Mary has always been a poor eater, but Mrs. Smith, schooled in avoiding issues over food, grits her teeth whenever Mary pushes her plate away, and says despairingly: "If you don't want it, dear, just don't eat it."

She has followed the "Authority's" latest instructions, but she's not sure that her mother's "Clean-the-plate" rule wasn't wiser. So, torn between her own beliefs and the sanctified opinion of experts, she will never solve Mary's feeding problem. And the resulting tension between mother and daughter cannot fail to bring other problems in its wake.

The growing tendency of parents to take the generalized observations of specialists and apply them precisely to their particular child is beginning to worry the experts themselves, who point out that the use of lay-down-the-law methods builds up a group of dependent mothers, feeling guilty over the least infringement of rules.

Dr. Marjorie F. Murray, associate professor of pediatrics at Albany Medical School, wrote recently: "If a woman is to be a mother whom her child can trust, she must learn to trust herself."

But today the self-reliant mother is a rarity, far outnumbered by the millions who abandon the role of parenthood before they have ever assumed it. From the trained baby nurse to the nursery school, the play groups, the clubs, the camps and the psychiatrist, parents are so

well-provided with modern, scientific, intelligent, infallible substitutes for themselves that they relinquish their job with confidence.

Mrs. R— had followed the advice of her psychiatrically minded pediatrician from the moment of Jimmy's birth, passing on instructions to a trained baby nurse. When Jimmy was two and a half, he was enrolled in an expensive nursery school. Mrs. R— visited there once a month for detailed reports on her first-born's psyche as well as some suggestions about her own.

By the time Jimmy was four, he could push another child down without provocation, throw his plate on the floor and prowl the house until 10 at night. When his old-fashioned father demanded he be curbed, Mrs. R— reminded him that Jimmy's nursery teacher approved of children releasing their natural aggression. This subdued Mr. R—, whose most recent authority on child care was his mother.

Jimmy went on pushing and hurling and prowling until one day the nursery school decided that his "healthy" aggression might endanger the safety of the "group." They suggested "professional help," and Mrs. R— proudly engaged the city's leading child psychiatrist.

His first question was, "Why do you need to send him to school? He's only four."

At this Mrs. R— gasped. "What would I do with him?" she asked, and went on to explain that she needed the time he was in school to complete her Master's Degree in Child Psychology.

Mrs. R—'s case seems extreme. Yet thousands of children like Jimmy are growing up alone because

mothers, persuaded that they can be more useful outside the home, have adopted the comfortable notion that a trained expert is a better mother than they could be.

Mrs. S— sent her child to private school at three, so she could spend more time promoting the work of the Public Education League. A leader in many crusades against juvenile delinquency, Mrs. L— is always too busy to be home when her children return from school. While these two mothers lecture 40 women on the dangers of comic books and radio serials, the children are busily lapping them up for want of anything better to do in the parents' absence.

Why do such women believe that everyone in the world needs attention except their own families? Why are so many families content to relinquish their life's major work to experts in human behavior? Why do intelligent modern families summon the psychiatrist at the slightest sign of trouble with their children, as casually as they call in the electrician when the washing machine breaks down?

Part of the blame rests with the band of vociferous, half-informed pseudo psychologists who have convinced the American public that it is unsafe to say "good morning" to their children without professional help. They have helped to destroy American parents' assurance and the will to bring up their own families. Psychiatry itself, which in the last 25 years has made tremendous strides in understanding human development, is the first to disown these phony followers.

Fifty years ago, no sane mother would have expected anyone but

herself or father or the children themselves to curb Tom's desire to swat his younger brother. Today this is called a "sibling problem" and demands speedy help.

Fifty years ago, a child who didn't like his supper either ate it or went without. Today this is called a "feeding problem" and becomes the subject of worried consultation between mother and pediatrician.

Fifty years ago, a child who showed little interest in reading and writing was taught to be a good carpenter without parental tears. Today an array of child psychologists succeed in making a poor college student out of a potentially fine craftsman.

The family of 50 years ago had no time to examine its psyche. Mother was busy with a host of tasks which demanded her daughter's help. From the moment the child could toddle around after her, they worked and played side by side. Meanwhile, father assumed that the boys would help with the chores, learn his skills.

The family was, to a great extent, a self-contained unit, simply because it had to be.

We needn't become nostalgic about the old-fashioned family. Undoubtedly it bred its share of misfits and unhappy people. Nevertheless, the modern, well-informed family has lost the spontaneity, the warmth and the self-reliance that characterized its predecessors. And in its earnest zeal to seek out the best, the latest and the most qualified, it has created problems, sometimes far more severe than those it has attempted to solve.

Today the average family does little or no work together. Its

members spend their leisure time separately and usually away from home. Even play, the one activity which parents and children could share, and through which they might find the close understanding which the old-fashioned family found in working together, has been relegated to the experts.

At a recent meeting, the National Recreation Association recommended adoption of a nation-wide program for teaching parents to play with their children. Ridiculous as this seems, it demonstrates dramatically how ignorant the average parent is of the simplest experiences of family life, and how satisfied he is to believe that a specialist is in every instance superior to himself.

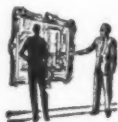
It will probably take the experts themselves to convince parents of the incontrovertible fact that, as parents, they perform the only indispensable role of their lifetime.

The psychiatrist, the trained teacher and the research scholar in human development know more about children than you ever will. But they can't know *your* child as you can and should know him.

You may delegate the responsibilities of bringing up your youngster to the most modern schools, the best teachers, the most understanding doctors. But no matter how skillful they are, they can never do the job you could do if you wanted to. For, where your own child is concerned, *you* are the unquestioned expert!

*Although most American parents cherish high standards of responsibility, a threat to the family institution arises from situations described in this article. So far, this danger shows up mainly in big cities and among people who boast of "sophistication." But especially because this minority is so vociferous, CORONET challenges their doctrines as harmful to sane and healthy family living.*

—THE EDITORS.



## Door to the Heart

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT, great English artist of the Pre-Raphaelite school, painted a garden scene which was hung in the Royal Academy in London. The painting, appropriately called "The Light of the World," shows the Master standing in the garden at night, holding a lantern. He is knocking on the door and awaiting an answer from within.

A critic looked at the painting, turned to Mr. Hunt and said:

"Lovely painting, Mr. Hunt, but you've forgotten something. That door upon which the Master is knocking . . . is it never to be opened? You've forgotten to put a knob on the door."

Mr. Hunt smiled with great understanding. "My friend, that door on which the Master is knocking is not just an ordinary door. It is the door to the human heart. It needs no knob, for it can only be opened from within."

—Guideposts

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## What Is a Reactionary?

by HERBERT HOOVER

THE NEW ERA of today seems united in the notion that they have just discovered real Liberalism and that all previous eras are reactionary. Well, there is something to be said for the old reactionary notions which held to basic freedoms of mind and spirit.

In the years since the Founding Fathers, a God-fearing people under these reactionary blessings have built quite a plant and equipment on this continent. It teems with millions of comfortable farms and homes, cattle and hogs. It is well equipped with railroads, power plants, factories, highways, automobiles and death warnings. It is studded with magnificent cities and traffic jams.

The terrible reactionaries have filled the land with legislatures,

town councils, free presses, orchestras, bands, radios, juke boxes and other noises. It has a full complement of stadiums, ballplayers and college yells.

Furthermore, they have sprinkled the country with churches and laboratories, have built 10,000 schools and 1,000 institutions of higher learning. And somehow, these reactionary-minded taxpayers are squeezing out the resources to maintain 1,000,000 devoted teachers and 100,000 able professors, and to keep more than 2,000,000 students in colleges and universities.

Possibly, another ideology could do better in the next 174 years. But I suggest that we continue to suffer certain evils of free men and the ideal of equal opportunity rather than die of nostalgia.



## *The Old Woman's Tree*

by WINFIELD DUNAN DAVIS

You won't soon forget this poignant story of an oak, a drought and a gallant lady

**T**HAT SUMMER a drought scorched the Eastern seaboard. The velvet green lawns of the little New Jersey town turned brown, and the huge trees along Main Street dropped brittle leaves.

On the 43rd day of the drought, Tom Grenfield, a young nurseryman taking a short cut through the old

section of town, noticed ahead of him a bent, shriveled old woman, struggling up the hot road from the river with a bucket of water. "Can I give you a lift?" he asked.

The woman placed the bucket very carefully on the car floor. Then he helped her in beside him. "It's just down the road a piece,"

she said, directing him to a clapboard cottage.

Grenfield, curious about the water, waited while she carried the bucket into the yard and emptied it on the parched earth at the foot of a great oak tree.

"You carried water nearly a mile for that tree?" he exclaimed. "But that bucket's heavy and—and—good Lord, you must be 70!"

"Eighty-one this October," she replied proudly. Then she reached out a gnarled, shaking hand and gently touched the tree. "There's a law about using town water for lawns and trees," she said. "Don't know what I'll do if it dies."

Grenfield ran expert eyes over the oak and nodded soberly. It was obviously dying. He wanted to comfort the old lady, but all he could say was, "That's a long way to carry water."

"Yes," the woman agreed. "But this tree's worth it. It's the only friend I got left that I knew as a little girl. My ma tied me to this tree when I could hardly more'n crawl. Seventy years ago I played 'I spy' around it with folks that's been gone a long time now."

The woman paused. "When I was still wearing pigtails," she continued, "I used to climb this tree after I'd been spanked or disappointed. It seemed like it would put its arms around me and I could almost hear it say, 'It's all right, little girl. It's all right.'"

She had gotten her first real kiss right on the spot where she was standing, she said, and later her engagement ring. "It came from the dime store," she confided, "but to me it was beautiful as anything from Tiffany's. Then—when my Tim—" her lips began to tremble. She straightened herself and said firmly, "It's done so much for me. I reckon it's not too much to fetch it water. You see, I've been praying that God would help. I believe He will, but I got to do my part, too."

NEXT DAY, THE OLD LADY WAS trudging up the road with her bucket when she saw workmen around her tree. She began to run. "Leave my tree alone!" she cried. "But, lady," a workman explained, "we got orders."

"I don't care what you've got." "But, lady," the man said, "all we done was dig holes around the roots, feed your tree and water it from the tank in our truck."

It was then she saw the name on the truck parked near-by—"Grenfield's Nursery."

"But I—I didn't order it. I can't pay," she murmured.

"That's all right, lady," the man said. "It's paid for."

"But who paid? Who—?"

"He didn't say, ma'am," the man replied.

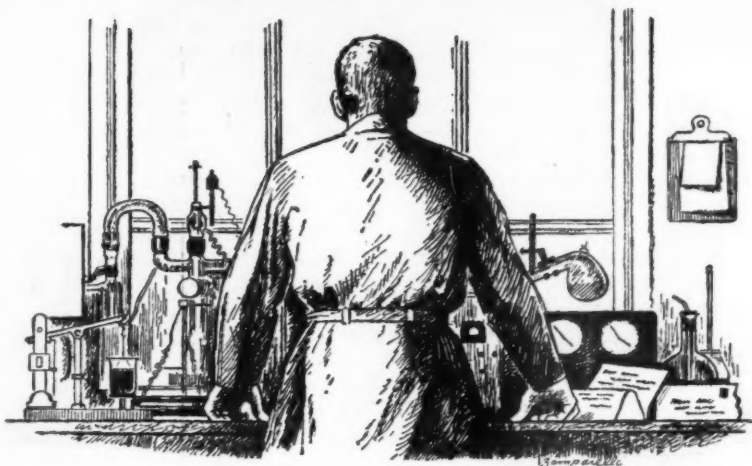
They drove away, leaving her standing beside the tree, her eyes wet with tears.

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### You Said It!

Flattery is having somebody else tell us the nice things we have always thought about ourselves.

—Brickwork



## OPEN LETTER TO AN ATOMIC SCIENTIST

Significant and timely are these reflections on the true meaning of patriotism

**A**MONG THE PROBLEMS created by the Congressional investigation of the Atomic Energy Commission was one which affected a prominent citizen of Washington, D. C., in a personal way.

His son, 30 years old, a Ph.D. in chemistry and working for the Commission in the nonsecretive zone, sent a letter home, questioning the investigation. Although an outspoken opponent of Communism, he upheld the rights of free speech and action on the part of young scientists. In reply, the father wrote this letter:

"Dear Son:

"You talk grandly about 'democracy'; you are 'proud' that young scientists do not like to be told what to do; you are quite sure that if they walk out on their jobs,

only 'second-raters' will take their place. But nowhere do you mention the one word which this country needs to hear and which is as much a part of democracy as freedom—and that is 'duty' or, if you choose, 'responsibility.'

"You talk about democracy. Did you ever stop to think who created our democracy? It wasn't the scientist. It was the layman, the statesman, the politician, the military man, the businessman and the laborer. But now the scientist wants to take advantage of that democracy to do as he pleases, irrespective of the rest of the country. I am quite sure that when he talks of 'freedom of speech,' of 'freedom to do as he chooses,' of 'individual liberty,' he just doesn't know what he is talking about.

*From a letter to the New York Herald Tribune.*

"Democracy is a society—a conglomeration of individuals gathered together in an attempt to live peacefully, happily and in prosperity. An individual living in a society has only such 'liberty' as will allow all others to have the same 'liberty'—he is free only to do such things as will not prevent others from doing as much. And in addition to considering the other individuals, he must consider the community as a whole. There is no absolute liberty for the individual.

"Of course, the purpose of a democracy is to provide the maximum of 'liberty' for the individual. But does that include 'liberty' to the individual to destroy democracy itself? Especially by violence? Or is it democracy when the society provides for changes in accordance with the true will of the greater part of society?

"Isn't it absurd to say that a society must acquiesce in its own suicide? Of course it is. Hence, democracies, in providing for the welfare of the greater part of their members, are required to limit the freedom of those who would wantonly destroy it.

"When the 'proud' young scientist refuses to do anything he is told—irrespective of whether it is for the good of others or for the good of the community; when in his demand for personal freedom he does not stop to consider whether his acts are going to damage the country which has given him that freedom or his neighbors who have helped preserve it; in other words, when the 'proud' young scientist forgets his duties as well as his responsibilities, he should be reminded of them—forcibly, if necessary.

"We want freedom—all of us—just as much as we can have while giving the other guy the same thing. We know that the Communist idea is entirely different. We know that the Communist is determined to destroy our way of life by violence and through the use of trained minorities.

"Communism is not a political creed. It is a fanatical faith—an irrational religion that transcends reason. To talk about Communism as if it were a philosophy of the mind, or another kind of political party, or an idea to be discussed casually in the living room—that way lies suicide. You cannot compromise with Communism.

"To train Communists in nuclear research is just the same as setting up schools for murderers—murderers of democracy. I don't care whether the student is just playing with it or not. You can't take a chance. Suppose he happens not to have been playing with it? What do we do then—take his knowledge away from him?

"The atom bomb is not just the plaything of scientists—to use, develop and handle according to their ideas of what should be done. When you boys invented that thing, you entered the great, big world outside your laboratories, and became an integral part of society—politics, business, government and all the rest of it.

"The lives of every one of us may depend on atomic energy and what is done with it. And that means that our ideas of what is liberty of speech and what is security take precedence over yours—except as you are part of us.

"After 60 years of life, I have

come to the conclusion that the only 'whole' men I have ever met have been the practical philosopher type: those men who, having lived a practical life among the material facts of life, such as running a business, arguing cases in court, curing the sick, building bridges, have acquired, in addition, a knowledge of history, of the philosophies, of literature and, to some extent, the arts.

"All the rest of humanity see out of one window only—that window through which they have been gazing so intently at their own particular interest: chemistry, physics, the counting house, Wall Street, the bank, the railroad, the art of painting, the joy of words, and so on.

(I am one of them!) None of us is to be trusted: we are not well rounded enough to be able to find the answers for humanity in this weird monster of a world that you scientists are creating.

"We are all valuable—but all of us ought to have keepers over us to see that we don't run berserk pursuing our special interest. And the only ones competent enough to be such keepers are the practical philosophers.

"That, I believe, is going to be the eventual end of democracy: a society intelligent enough to understand that such men should run government, and sensible enough to place them in that high and responsible position."



## Traffic Triumphs

A LOCAL MATRON trying to maneuver her sedan out of a parking space banged into the car ahead, then into the car behind and finally, pulling into the street, struck a passing delivery truck. A policeman approached her and demanded: "Let's see your license!"

"Don't be silly, officer," she said archly. "Who'd give me a license?"

—MONTREAL Star

IN CLEVELAND, an uninhibited lady driver stopped abruptly at a busy intersection and, oblivious of the long line of cars honking their horns behind her, proceeded to slip on a new pair of nylons.

When an annoyed traffic cop ordered her to drive on, she explained it this way: "I noticed a run in my stocking and my boy friend is waiting for me around the corner and you wouldn't want me to meet him half-dressed, would you?"

—CLEVELAND Plain Dealer

A YOUNG WOMAN learning to drive in Chicago was proceeding along a little-used side street at a nominal speed. As an impatient motorist passed her, he shouted nastily, "Why don't you learn to drive?"

Unabashed, she smiled sweetly and shouted back, "I am."

—CHICAGO Tribune



## PAUL WESTON: *Master of Mood Music*

by KEITH MONROE

He sensed a trend and made a fortune with his smooth, shimmering arrangements

WHEN PAUL WESTON is writing a musical arrangement for recording, he behaves like a man bereft of reason. He tramps back and forth, he bares his teeth at anyone who enters the studio, he roars as he casts note paper on the floor and stamps upon it.

Late in the day, when the arrangement is finally completed to his satisfaction, Weston waves his arms, kicks his heels, and laughs great ringing peals that echo down the long corridors of his studio building in Hollywood.

Yet, if you should meet this bespectacled young man at his din-

ner in the Brown Derby, or strolling down Sunset Boulevard to a radio station or recording studio, you would classify him as a calm, easy-going business executive. You would not be far wrong. He is indeed a business executive—one of the shrewdest in the modern entertainment industry. But he is also scholarly: he writes learned essays on musical subjects, and wears a Phi Beta Kappa key.

Anyone hearing the shattering of glass and ripping of cloth that sometimes accompany Weston's wrestles with the Muse would expect his music to be loud, violent and

Wagnerian. This expectation always proves just 100 per cent wrong. Paul has made his name and fortune with musical arrangements which are soft, smooth and shimmering.

Last year, he arranged and conducted the music for more than 100 records by star singers. His own orchestra, with his own unobtrusive arrangements, is heard on two radio networks each week. His albums of smooth and sleepy music sell phenomenally, and more than 500 local stations feature his records in a "Paul Weston Show" every day. As composer, arranger, conductor, and a propulsive force in the skyrocket rise of a new record company, Weston has emerged as one of the most significant figures in popular music.

Weston floated to the top because the nation changed its mood. In the summer of 1946, the multi-million-dollar dance-band business discovered that people no longer flocked to hear the ripping, screeching, stomping jazz which had ruled bandstands for 12 years.

Creamy on-the-melody orchestras were drifting into favor everywhere. In that turning-point summer, music men realized that Weston had foreseen the new trend—probably even helped start it—and now was quietly cashing in.

Paul was no passionate devotee of sweet music. For years he had been chief arranger for such maestros as Phil Harris, Tommy Dorsey and Bob Crosby, who demanded jagged tempos and screaming saxes. But late in 1945 he recorded his first album, "Music for Dreaming," and filled it with mellow, sentimental old tunes of the mid-

Thirties. It piled up the fantastic sales figure of 175,000.

Weston had risked more than an album. As musical director of the fledgling Capitol Record Company, he was responsible for deciding what tunes to record and how to play them. A few bad guesses at this stage could put the business on the rocks. But his belief that musical fashion would soon change sharply was not just a hunch. He had driven cross-country, talking to the company's salesmen and record-shop owners. Later he had written to 200 record distributors, asking what the public wanted.

"It wants simple, pleasant music," seemed to be the consensus. "We can't sell as many hot platters as we used to. Kids want to dance cheek-to-cheek instead of jitterbugging. As for older people, they want nostalgic records."

Weston went ahead on this theory. And the public bought the kind of records Weston thought it would. Paul turned out two more albums, "Music for Romancing" and "Music for Memories," which were walloping successes.

FOR VIRTUALLY all popular records, Weston either writes the arrangements or approves them. He works slowly, spending from six hours to three days on a single arrangement. When he makes a recording, he repeats a selection incessantly until he considers the rendition perfect.

"Hard work makes easy listening," he says. "That goes double for the listeners I'm aiming at—the people in a mood to relax."

Weston's musicians are unusually skilled; he combed New York

and Hollywood to find them. Through long association, they can read his mind almost telepathically, and a word or even a gesture is often enough to show them exactly what he wants.

Two years ago, during a trans-continental broadcast, a guest star misread a song sheet and walked off the stage when the tune was only half finished. With the speed of an electric calculator, Weston devised a new arrangement, explained it to the orchestra by pantomime, and got smoothly through the selection.

"That was the most interesting 15 seconds I ever spent on the air," he said later.

Such frenzied goings on were never envisaged by Weston in his college days. He was a meticulous, bespectacled economics student at Dartmouth and, in his own imagination, an executive-to-be of some big corporation.

His musical education was limited to piano lessons, plus a smattering of clarinet which he had taught himself in order to make the college band and travel to football games. Later, he tried to join the reigning Dartmouth dance band, but was cold-shouldered when he applied. Promptly he organized a rival dance combination, which did rather well.

After Dartmouth, he enrolled for graduate study in economics at Columbia. Then the gods hurled a thunderbolt, and young Paul began climbing the rainbow. On this fateful morning, he was late for a train and tried to climb aboard as it pulled out of the station. The resulting injuries confined him to a hospital for six months.

Lying in bed, he got to thinking about his past life. Evenings with his Dartmouth dance band had been fun, hadn't they? So he wrote an arrangement, mailed it to one of the big bands and lay back to await results. Nothing happened.

The New England grit in his nature made Weston determine to find out why. He asked a friend in a band for advice.

"You made the same mistake every outsider makes," the friend said. "You sent in an arrangement of a standard tune. The band already has arrangements of all the standards. But if you were to mail an arrangement of some brand-new hit song, you might click."

Weston followed the advice, and this time an enthusiastic emissary from the orchestra hurried to the hospital. "Give us some more like this!" he bumbled.

Weston did, and the band used them. When he learned that Rudy Vallee had been impressed by the arrangements, Weston wrote to him and was hired. The crooner and his band were then at the peak of their fame, so Weston overnight found himself in the "Big Time."

SINCE ALMOST NO ONE but a musician understands where an arranger fits into the scheme of things, here is Weston's own version:

"All a song writer puts down are the words and melody. That isn't enough. If every instrument played melody in unison, it would sound like kindergarten. So you divide things up—let some instruments carry the tune while others go skipping and dancing around it, filling in with counter-melodies. Then you write an introduction—a tiny origi-

nal composition of your own—for the orchestra to play as a build-up before the singer starts.

"Later, when the singer holds a long note, the orchestra should be moving along with short notes, called a figure, to adorn it and make it interesting. An arrangement for a full dance orchestra, say 19 instruments, means writing approximately a dozen versions of the song, no two of them alike, but all blending."

One reason so many people are attracted to Weston music is that he eschews the supercolossal. "Even when it was popular to play *Night and Day* with thunder, cannon shots and alto flutes, I couldn't do it," he says. "It was like loading a pretty girl with necklaces, diamond stomacher and ostrich plumes."

Most arrangers are types. They can do only ballads, only jazz, or only novelties. Part of Weston's prestige among musicians is due to his versatility. He worked for a series of strongly individualized bands, arranged scores for movies, juggled all kinds of arrangements for such artists as Dinah Shore, Ginny Simms and Johnny Mercer. Then he arranged accompaniments for his company's galaxy of soloists, each famous for a vivid personal style.

The miracle is that Weston's versatility hasn't ruined him in a

field where high-powered specialization presses the most platters. Probably his secret is in his own fingers. Weston thinks music first, and then plays it, not for an effect but for a listener. He knows that anyone with a set of eardrums in good working order is qualified to be a good music critic. And that's almost everybody.

If any word suits him, it is one which makes him wince—"poet." Weston works with cadence, with innuendo, and with variations of his theme as subtly and cleanly as a master sonneteer. It is no fluke that his arrangements can suggest the moonlit silkiness of a Debussy, or, when it is needed, the muffled thump of a Congo drum.

Perhaps because Paul Weston decided on a hospital bed to go back to his college days and do something that made him happy, his music has a nostalgic and fresh quality. Perhaps because he has lived through a time when a song like *Night and Day* was first a hit and then a revival, and he played it superbly from the beginning, he has become the master of a happy art that gives the lie, at least momentarily, to scare-headlines and all the wild scramble that takes place just outside our own doors. His music seems to say: "The world has not gone mad. Just listen a minute—and relax."

## Second Choice



MY GRANDFATHER used to tell young girls who came to him for advice on how to find an ideal man: "Never go out looking for an ideal man—a husband is a lot easier to find."

—HERB SHRINER

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# Born on Broadway



SINCE THE dawn of the century, a Manhattan street named Broadway has given birth to many a vaudeville star destined for immortality. Although some of these entertainers have passed on, others are still making America laugh and cry. Fanny Brice, today's irrepressible "Baby Snooks," rocketed to fame as a singer, and a lonesome lament called *My Man* became her trade-mark.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEN DEHMEN



In the 1900s, when many were sobbing over sentimental ballads, a rowdy singer and dancer named Eva Tanguay shimmied herself into the shocked public eye with such sexy numbers as her dramatic "Salome."



Banjo-eyed Eddie Cantor's rapid-fire ad libbing is legendary. When roly-poly Alexander Woollcott once bemoaned the state of the world, Cantor paralyzed his audience with a snappy, "Chins up, old boy!"



Billed as the "Belasco of Burlesque," Roger Imhof—with Suzanne Corinne and Hugh L. Conn—headed the first vaudeville team to do character studies in burlesque. Above is their "Surgeon Louder, U.S.A."



His fans call Bert Wheeler "a homey little cuss who talks friendly to you." His intimate, slapstick comedy has been an applause-raiser in some 40 Hollywood movies and countless vaudeville appearances.



The Three Stooges, shown above provoking Ted Healy to premeditated murder, were the best-known trio in the comedy world, and Moe, the one with cuspidor bob and high-water pants, their official loudmouth.



"Positively, Mr. Gallagher? Absolutely, Mr. Shean!" identified two of America's best-loved comics. Even Shean's epitaph was funny: "Born May 12, 1868. I might have lived longer—but now it's too late."



Long before Frank Fay immortalized an invisible rabbit in *Harvey*, he was a variety favorite. His technique led a critic to quip: "When Fay gets through, he has sung a song right off the Hit Parade."



Years ago, when Bill Robinson was a waiter, he once spilled soup over a customer. After his boss explained that Bill was "really a dancer," an impromptu act started "Bojangles" on his famous career.



Before W. C. Fields added weight and a bulbous nose to his appeal, his pool-table act convulsed thousands. As an incomparable comedian, he has joined other "Broadway-born" stars in theater's hall of fame.

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# Schools That Teach Happy Marriage

by ROBERT L. EVANS

With a unique course of instruction, Quebec is fighting divorce and broken homes

NOT LONG AGO, a 26-year-old Vermont girl named Louise Elbert walked into the office of Sister Lucienne Elie, principal of a Montreal school.

"I want to enroll with you," she said, "but I haven't got much time. Could I take the four-year course in one year? You see, I've already graduated from college, and perhaps that would help . . ."

Sister Lucienne smiled at the girl's eagerness. "But this is only a high school," she pointed out. "And to enroll a student of your age, a college graduate, would be highly unusual. I do not think we can take you."

"Oh, but you must," insisted the girl. "I've postponed my marriage for a year so I could come here. It's because of my sister, Janet."

"Janet Elbert? I remember her," said Sister Lucienne. "She was graduated last year."

"And perhaps you remember why she came here in the first place," said Louise. "She was so scatterbrained that mother and dad were afraid they had a juve-

nile delinquent on their hands. She wouldn't go to school and she wouldn't help around the house. Well, she's a different person *now*. She's married and her husband is the happiest man I ever saw. Janet's the best family manager in town. She designs and makes all her own clothes; she even weaves her own drapes.

"But it isn't just those things. It's Janet herself. She has become the most poised, relaxed, capable and charming person I know. When I asked her what had happened, she answered: 'If you want to find out, go to the École Ménagère in Montreal!'"

When she recalls that interview, Sister Lucienne smiles. "Being human," she says, "how could I ignore such a testimonial?" So a place was made for Louise Elbert, who is now taking an accelerated course, while her fiancé in Vermont waits patiently for her to graduate from Quebec's "course in happy marriage."

Sister Lucienne refers to her school as "only a high school," but

actually the hundred *écoles ménagères* throughout Quebec are more than high schools. They comprise a whole philosophy of education, at once as ultramodern as applied psychology and as ancient as the sacrament of marriage. Their objective is, quite literally, to raise marriage to the status of a profession; to equip average girls for the career they are most likely to follow; to give them practical training in the techniques of happy marriage, as matter-of-factly as a nurse or a hairdresser prepares for her occupation.

Quebec, of course, also has a conventional education system of primary and secondary schools, technical schools, colleges and universities. The *écoles ménagères* are a "plus" not found elsewhere. They also happen to be the fastest growing part of the Province's school system. Each still has a long waiting list of girls eager to enroll, despite the fact that, in a dozen years, the number of "schools of happy marriage" have increased from 17, with 220 students, to 100, with more than 5,000 students. Present plans of the Provincial Department of Education call for doubling this number.

**I**N LARGE MEASURE, the *écoles ménagères* and the thousands of "professional wives" they have graduated are Quebec's first line of defense against the sociological breakdown which has invaded most of civilization—a breakdown which is reflected elsewhere in North America, for example, by divorce rates as high as one divorce for every three or four new marriages. In Quebec, the rate is approxi-

mately one in every 120 marriages.

Largely through the "advertising" done by "foreign" graduates, an increasing number of students are applying for admission from the United States, from other Canadian provinces, and from abroad. At present, two girls from South Africa are enrolled.

U.S. and Canadian educational authorities are studying the schools with growing interest; recently, visitors investigating the *école ménagère* system have included a cabinet minister from Indo-China, two Belgian educators, three representatives of the British Ministry of Education, and two women school officials from Brazil.

One delegate reported to his superiors: "In Quebec, a young man who wins an *école* graduate for his bride is regarded as we would consider a youth who marries an heiress—except that there are thousands more *école* graduates to go around. There is no record of a graduate being involved in a divorce or a broken home."

How is this remarkable state of affairs achieved? The answer is, "By a philosophy applied to a curriculum."

"We have," explains Abbé Albert Tessier, inspector of the *écoles ménagères*, "asked ourselves this question: 'In what circumstances are women happiest?' The answer, we believe, is that women—all human beings—are happiest when all their talents for living are developed and utilized in the most compatible environment. That environment for women is happy marriage and family life."

When *école* authorities speak of "a well-rounded curriculum," they

mean just that. Classroom subjects have a range probably found in no other secondary schools in the world—all the usual high-school subjects like mathematics, geography, history and languages, plus cooking and applied child psychology and adolescent psychology, dressmaking and the psychology of sex, weaving and civics, knitting and male psychology, marketing and family relations, budgeting and child care, preserving and hygiene, formula preparation and home medicine.

Practical and down-to-earth are the human-relations aspects of the *écoles*. The students actually live in "family groups," with third-year students playing the roles of the parents, and one or more freshmen as children. These groups lead a complete "family life," even to budgeting their food costs on 70 cents a day each.

But the problems of the family groups go far beyond the economic aspects of running a home. The "children" provide their "parents" with a wide variety of real-life situations to be solved. The result is that teen-age girls playing their various parts join in earnest discussion of such subjects as how to explain the facts of sex to children, how to impress an older daughter with the importance of distinguishing between infatuation and love, how to dissuade a still-older daughter from marrying a rich man she does not love.

In acquiring knowledge of male psychology—what might be described in more flippant circles as "how to get along with the brute"—the girls learn such practical lessons as: "Feed him before you

discuss anything important. A hungry man is not a cooperative man."

Even in the purely domestic departments of the *écoles*—dressmaking, cooking, weaving, sewing—the teachers set standards in which more than mere "competence" is the goal—in which creative contribution is at least as important. An example is the girl who made her own trousseau (many do) while attending an *école*, married after graduation, and went on a honeymoon trip to Paris.

Naturally, she gravitated to a famous fashion salon where a designer approvingly examined the dress she was wearing.

"Beautifully cut," said the designer. "Surely you did not buy that dress in Canada?"

"No," answered the graduate proudly, "I made it myself!"

UNDOUBTEDLY the biggest thrill of the four-year *école* course comes near the end, when each girl is given a real live baby to care for. This final pregraduation period is spent in a Montreal institution for illegitimate babies. Every detail of each child's 24-hour routine is entrusted to the young foster mother, who is, in fact, given exactly the responsibilities of a mother.

"It is a heart-warming sight, the way the students and their babies take to each other," said a matron at the institution. "Before long, the older babies are calling their temporary mothers 'mama.' More than one girl who has married and been unable to have children of her own has returned here to adopt the baby to whom she was assigned during her *école* course."

This foster-mother procedure

serves another purpose, too—a silent but eloquent lesson against unchastity. Apart from the misfortune for the unmarried mother, the student sees in human terms the misery, the handicap, which is bequeathed to a baby brought into the world out of wedlock.

Having been graduated with the equivalent of a degree in successful womanhood, wifehood and motherhood, a girl is not necessarily through with the *écoles ménagères*. She can take “postgraduate” work in classes named appropriately “the school of perfection in the arts of homemaking.” These are open not only to graduates and advanced students, but to any woman 18 to 80 with an urge to get a “master’s degree” in domestic skills.

In several instances, well-to-do matrons and their maids have taken the finishing course together; mother-and-daughter enrollments are common, and many a fiancée spends the period of her engagement in night classes, boning up on domesticity.

As a by-product of these classes, there is a large nightly gathering of waiting males outside the school—husbands, fathers and fiancés of the students—just like eager escorts outside a stage door. “Sometimes when I see all those patient men, I think we ought to start classes for them, too,” says Miss Estelle Le Blanc, school director.

“Perfection in the arts of homemaking” is no exaggerated description of the advanced courses. In cookery, for example, leading chefs impart their secrets of *haute cuisine*. One young matron decided to celebrate her graduation by giving her first party, a buffet supper. She used all the art and skill she had been taught in the preparation of aspics and patties, bouchees and hors d’oeuvres.

When the guests were ushered into the room, a remarkable incident occurred. The guests took one look at the table—and broke into spontaneous applause, as though they had witnessed the unveiling of a work of art.



### Machine-Age Sport

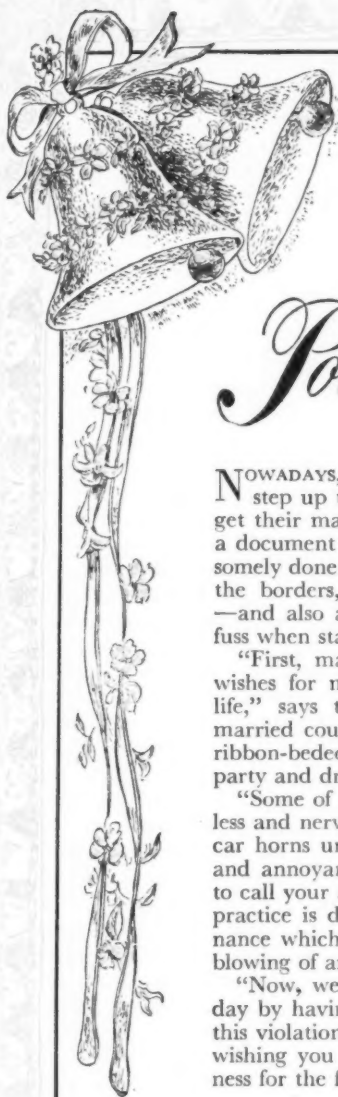
**B**ULLFIGHTING IS Mexico’s national sport. Both young and old follow it ardently.

At Mexico City’s busiest intersection, an elderly gentleman stepped from the curb against the traffic lights and worked his way to the center of the street. There, with cars streaming by uncomfortably close, he calmly unbuttoned

his double-breasted coat and, holding the tail first to one side then the other, he made daring passes at the speeding vehicles with the grace and dignity of a Manolete. He actually brushed the dust from a few fenders.

The lights changed, he leisurely rebuttoned his coat and continued across the street.

—BOB BEHER



# Polite Police

by HAROLD HELFFER

NOWADAYS, WHEN prospective brides and grooms step up to the St. Louis City Hall window to get their marriage licenses, they also are handed a document from the Police Department. Handsomely done up with a wedding-bell motif around the borders, the scroll contains congratulations—and also a warning against making too much fuss when starting out on matrimonial paths.

"First, may we extend to you both our best wishes for many years of happiness in married life," says the document. "Now, many newly married couples, on their wedding day, get into ribbon-bedecked automobiles with their wedding party and drive over the streets of St. Louis.

"Some of these parties indulge in the thoughtless and nerve-racking practice of loudly honking car horns unnecessarily, much to the discomfort and annoyance of other citizens. We would like to call your attention to the fact that this careless practice is definitely a violation of a City Ordinance which prohibits the loud and unnecessary blowing of an automobile horn.

"Now, we do not want to mar your wedding day by having to give you a traffic summons for this violation, so we ask your cooperation. Again wishing you the best of luck, success and happiness for the future, we are

"The St. Louis Police Department."

DOCKTOR

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING DOCKTOR

# How Much Bunk in Color Television?

by JOHN L. SPRINGER

It isn't just around the corner, say the experts—and when it does come, it won't make today's sets obsolete

FOR MONTHS, the American public has been bombarded by claims about color television. Engineers, broadcasters, research men and corporation executives have filled the air with suggestions, proposals, warnings, threats, some facts—and much bunk.

The public has been led to believe that color is just around the corner, that it is a great new wonder of the world, and that, once it arrives, television will miraculously come of age and solve almost all its problems.

This is far from the truth. The first simple fact is that color television is like color movies. It will give a more sparkling and attractive picture. For outdoor scenes, it will be magnificent. But how important is color to the movies?

In 1917, the Technicolor process was born in Hollywood. For 32 years, color movies have had a chance to sweep black-and-white films from the field. Last year, Hollywood produced 435 feature pictures. Only 68—or 15 per cent—were in color.

"I have never heard of a patron

refusing to see a movie because it was not in color," says one Hollywood producer. "Color may make a prettier picture, but it doesn't make a better one."

The second fact is that "color television now" is impossible. Suppose the final authority on this question, the Federal Communications Commission, authorized color tomorrow? Even the most enthusiastic prophets say a year would pass before the first sets were in the hands of viewers. Most authorities are more conservative. They say it would take perhaps three years. If this sounds like a long time, consider the years of trial-and-error experimentation which preceded simple black-and-white television.

Consider this: less than 100 color receivers—including all those designed for experimental purposes—have ever been made! New receivers and transmitting equipment would have to be designed, tooled, and tested before mass-assembly wheels picked up speed. Months more would be needed to distribute sets to stores throughout the country.

Then, like the auto-hungry buyer

of postwar years, the prospective owner of a color set would wait his turn before he could acquire one. How long would consumers have to wait? Five years, most authorities agree.

The third and most important fact, however, is that *color television is not yet ready*.

Thousands of people have seen color demonstrated. Recently in a New York hotel, hundreds of prominent doctors sat before color receivers and viewed intricate cancer operations performed by skilled surgeons a mile away. For an hour the medical men watched intently as the operations proceeded, each step clearly defined in bright colors.

When the showing was completed, one white-haired doctor rubbed his eyes. "It was the most amazing thing I have ever seen!" he exclaimed.

This demonstration by the Columbia Broadcasting System was in many ways successful. Why, then, can't you have similar color in your home? "The way CBS produces color has many drawbacks," say television engineers. And they say the same about the all-electronic system which is being refined by the Radio Corporation of America. These two color systems are the most advanced in existence, although half a dozen others have been proposed.

To win applause from scientists, a color system must not merely work well in a laboratory where engineers can act promptly if things go wrong. The scientists say that the present 4,000,000 owners of black-and-white sets must be protected so that, with little or no change, their sets could receive col-

or telecasts in black and white, and also be easily convertible to color.

Once the FCC authorizes a system of color television, every set should be able to receive, actually or potentially, every station—just as in radio today. An FCC ruling now would set standards for years to come. If these first standards failed, then it would cost billions to try others.

Let us see how the system that astounded medical men in New York fits these specifications. Developed by Dr. Peter C. Goldmark, it depends primarily on a mechanical rotating disk, split into the three basic colors of red, blue and green. In the television studio, this disk spins in front of the camera tube. The camera records only one color at a time in bulletlike bursts. Another revolving color disk, in the receiving set, is synchronized with that on the camera.

The three colors follow one another so speedily—at intervals of 1/144th of a second—that the eye blends them into a full color picture. This is the same principle involved in movies, where individual still pictures flashing on the screen in rapid rotation fool the eye into seeing actual motion.

"Mechanical disks have been tried before—and unsuccessfully," say the critical engineers. "Movie pioneers tried a disk system for color films—and discarded it. Television pioneers tried a disk system for black-and-white transmission—and discarded it for the all-electronic system. The mechanical color system would throw black-and-white television back a dozen years and keep it there!"

Here is how the engineers reason:

To make the illusion complete that the eye is receiving a full-color picture, and not a succession of solid reds, blues and greens, the disk system must *increase* the number of pictures per second.

To see what this does to the black-and-white image, compare a photo in your newspaper with photos published in magazines. If you look closely, using an ordinary magnifying glass, you will see that both are made up of tiny dots. In the magazine photo, however, the dots are closer together. What engravers call a "finer screen" makes magazine reproduction superior.

If you counted the lines in a black-and-white TV image on present receivers, you would find 525. To increase the number of pictures per second, however, the disk method *reduces* the number of lines to 405. Instead of high-quality magazine pictures, it sends the coarser newspaper type.

What would happen to existing receivers if this system became standard? Present sets, equipped to show 525-line pictures, would get a streaky blur when they tuned in on color broadcasts. They would need an "adaptor" to receive even black-and-white pictures, plus another bulky gadget—a "converter"—to receive color.

Now consider the all-electronic system. It works with tubes and mirrors. Into the receiver from the transmitting station flow impulses of the three basic colors in succession at the incredible speed of 11.4 million a second. In the receiver, each impulse rushes to its own special tube. These three tubes shoot off a steady stream of solid blues, greens and reds.

Now the mirrors play their roles. They are made of specially coated glass, treated to let only some colors through and to reflect others. In slow motion, here's what happens:

Greens flow from their tube through one mirror. As blues race up, a mirror bounces them off to join the flowing greens. Together, they pass through a second mirror. There they meet the reds, which have been deflected onto their path. The result is a blended picture in color.

This system has a big advantage: as it broadcasts color, all existing sets clearly receive the programs in black and white. It is what engineers call a completely "compatible" system.

What, then, is wrong with the all-electronic system? "It still has bugs," say even the engineers who are working to develop it. "The devices that make the colors reproduce faithfully need still more refinement. Sometimes the colors fade and change. Sometimes we are bothered by ghost images." The engineers are confident, however, that all such "bugs" can be eliminated.

**A**NOTHER BARRIER to immediate color television is cost. The mechanical method's developers say that they could produce a ten-inch color set to retail for \$220. What would present set owners pay to receive black-and-white and color? Between \$75 and \$100, say the system's backers. But recently 22 television manufacturers estimated conversion costs. Their figures ranged from \$150 to \$701, some estimates citing costs higher than the original price of the sets.

RCA engineers say the first all-electronic sets would cost from \$400 to \$1,000. Existing set owners would receive black-and-white at no cost. But converting to color would cost from \$125 to \$175, plus about \$20 installation charge.

Here is what people who know most about color are saying. Raymond C. Cosgrove, president of the Radio Manufacturers Association: "No system has been proved ready for commercial use." Justin Miller, president of the National Association of Broadcasters: "Color is at least five years away."

Dr. Lee de Forest, inventor of the three-element electron tube, basis of all radio and television: "Much work remains to be done." Allen B. duMont, television pioneer who has patented more than 50 inventions: "You can't make a foolproof system overnight. There isn't a system ready that is commercially feasible." Since engineers and television experts frankly admit color television is far from ready for unveiling, it would be an arrogant imposition to charm the public into buying sets which are known to be not perfect.

What does television need to thrive and grow strong? Ask that question of the experts, and color appears far down the list. "What we need," say broadcasters, producers, advertisers and critics, "are better programs. They attract more viewers. As viewers increase, advertisers increase. Then the latter will pay more to improve the quality of programs."

Most experts agree when the Radio Manufacturers Association warns that if color television were authorized today the results would

be disastrous to the public and to the entire industry. Yet, last year, laymen and other nonexperts who had seen controlled demonstrations demanded: "Let's have color now!"

The FCC in Washington, whose nine members regulate broadcasting, properly decided to investigate and weigh claims. Quickly it called for demonstrations and testimony. Further demonstrations are scheduled for this month.

However, no color system has yet been completely tested in the field under all conditions of use. A hasty FCC choice now would heighten the danger of saddling the American public with an inferior system for years. Then we would be doomed to mediocre television.

There is also the big question of whether the toddling television industry can afford color now. Color-transmitting equipment is more expensive than black-and-white. As Hollywood has long known, color productions require special consultants, special lights, special sets, special costumes, longer rehearsals. All these pile up costs.

Even now, many TV broadcasters are sagging under the bills from black-and-white transmission. Last year, the nation's 50 stations lost some \$15,000,000. Here is a typical reason: a crew of ten engineers, sound-effects men and other technicians are on hand when one of the top radio dramatic programs goes on the air. The same show on television demands a crew of 40!

What does the evidence presented in this article mean to persons who have delayed buying a black-and-white receiver because they are "waiting for color"? You can find an answer on the drawing

boards of the big automobile laboratories in Detroit. Here, engineers have outlined improvements that will put a sleeker, safer, smoother-running car into the nation's showrooms in 1955. But nobody refuses to buy a 1950 auto because the 1955 models will be improved.

Like cars of the future, tomorrow's television will be much better. Meanwhile, years of superb entertainment in black-and-white lie ahead. Even when color does come, it will fail to revolutionize television, just as it has failed to revolutionize the movies. Commissioner Frieda B. Hennock of the FCC observes: "Color is just an incident in television's progress."

Here is what we may expect if TV scientists win more time to work in their laboratories before color is pushed out into the world: vastly improved color, perhaps by methods far simpler than those al-

ready proposed; lower-priced color receivers; and a grown-up television industry that will be able to finance better and more costly color programs.

Meanwhile, it is reasonable to suppose that members of the FCC realize the debacle which would result from prematurely approving a color system. For they are intelligent men who recognize the two-fold duty of the commission:

1. To serve the public by protecting it from wasteful expense; and
  2. To stimulate industry by encouraging it to strive for perfection.
- Doubtless, slow, solid progress toward a practical and sound future goal, they must believe, is better than a project which is not fully tested in laboratories nor in the field and is, therefore, headed for chaos. Only when color television is actually perfected should it be offered to a grateful people.

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### It Shouldn't Happen—

WHEN ALL ELSE fails to stop a dog from barking, try electronics. That's the advice of W. J. McGoldrick of Minneapolis, who has invented a gadget that makes a dog's bark more irritating to the dog than to others. Result? The dog stops barking.

McGoldrick's pet was getting on everyone's nerves by yapping to be let out of its doghouse every morning at 4:30. So the owner, who heads the engineering department of the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company, decided to enlist science on his side.

He rigged up a device consisting of a microphone, an electric

amplifier from an automatic heating-control system, a heating-system valve and a nozzle from an oil burner. All of this was hooked up with the city water system and installed at the doghouse entrance.

Now when the dog barks, the microphone sends a signal to the amplifier, the amplifier signals the valve, the valve opens and the dog gets a squirt of water in the face. The squirt lasts only as long as the bark, and the dog suffers nothing but embarrassment.

Being a smart dog, it hasn't taken McGoldrick's pet long to learn that by keeping quiet he keeps dry. —M. BERNICE WHEELER



## Science Unlocks Your Door to Success

by MARGARET LUKES WISE and CLARA BELLE THOMPSON

You'll be a happier person if you recognize your one besetting sin and conquer it

WRAPPED UP IN a big new word, science now offers us an important clue to inner knowledge of ourselves. Why haven't we more friends? Why does success so often elude us? And why do so many marriages seem headed for the rocks?

Gerontology, the scientist's label for what happens to us as we grow older, holds a key answer to various human dilemmas that disturb and baffle us. In many cases, it is some dominant unfavorable trait, *steadily growing worse*, that stands between us and our fondest hopes. And sadly enough, this besetting weakness was given us in the cradle.

Studies by Dr. Edward J. Stieglitz, noted geriatrician, show that no new characteristic enters our make-up with the years. What we are today, we become more so tomorrow. Only our own awareness

of some undesirable trait, and our decision to handle that trait before it handles us, can prevent it from becoming a lifewrecker.

This clean-cut verdict on the part of science sheds new light on the failures and half-failures of people who but for themselves could have achieved their goals in business, marriage, and a happy life with many friends.

Recently a suburban community rocked with the kind of news that makes phones tingle. Arthur Z. had been let out as vice-president of the textile company where he had functioned for twenty years. Arthur's pretty wife, Helen, camouflaged the truth. *Art had a heart ailment. Art had retired. There was a wonderful new opening.*

But friends knew better. Art had finally been eased out of a company

where he had invested half a business lifetime. And for only one reason: his overweening passion for proving himself right at all costs.

At 30, Art's habit of setting people straight was already slightly obnoxious to friends. At 40, his bullheaded insistence on knowing-it-all made other golfers say: "If Art's in that foursome, count me out." At 50, he shouted at people, wagged his finger, grew red in the face. So while it was no surprise to find that Art was out, the tragic part of it was, Art was a sterling person in many other ways. But he had gone blindly on, not realizing that one ever-increasing hostile habit was writing *finis* to his career.

MANY OF TODAY'S broken marriages become more understandable when the findings of gerontology are applied. Katherine was witty, attractive, and an excellent housekeeper; her husband was a quiet and likable architect. Their home life was interesting; their house was full of friends; they were invited everywhere, for Katherine's sparkling wit blended nicely with Bill's sound conversation. But that was only in the early days.

At first, it had been amusing to hear young Katherine heckle her husband in a good-natured way. "I'd drop dead, darling, if you ever returned my lead," she would say over the bridge table, and Bill would laugh with the others.

But Katherine's barbs grew more biting with the years. "Yes, he got the Cleveland contract. Anything to get away from home. Right, darling?" And friends cringed as Katherine sailed into some minor shortcoming of her husband.

Then Bill won a housing award, and friends celebrated by giving him a dinner. In the midst of congratulations, Katherine exclaimed: "How could he have missed it, with housing being farmed out even to GIs still in school!"

For a moment there was silence; no one could think of anything to say. And that was very near the end. Bigger and better belittling had cost Katherine her husband.

All of which means that gerontology is not merely an intriguing word but an important factor in daily living. According to Dr. Stieglitz, as we advance from youth through the years, traits become intensified and fixed. Chances are the tightwad at 40 was the little boy of five who wouldn't share his candy with a friend. And the office gossip at 30 was most likely the tattletale at ten, who brightly told teacher: "Birdie did it!"

A modern, smartly dressed mother recently mourned: "I have raised a family—only to have them leave me!" It was quite true. The older daughter, after four years at college, had come back with a sigh of relief to her own home. But she remained only a few months.

"I'm very fond of mother," she said, "but I can't stand her running every single detail of my life."

The last straw for the parent came recently, when the younger daughter, a pretty and popular girl of 20, deliberately took a position 400 miles from home.

The trouble had started when they were children. No two little girls ever had prettier clothes or went to nicer dancing classes. But mother's firm hand did all the arranging, down to the last hair

bow. As the girls reached their teens, mother knew best about the friends they were to have, what to serve at buffet suppers, the subjects to take in school, how to decorate their rooms.

Small wonder that the girls chose freedom, even though it meant share-the-bath bedrooms. Unfortunately, the mother does not comprehend that it was her trait of bossing, growing steadily with the years, that finally drove her girls away from home.

EVERYONE HAS a besetting sin. Big, it can wreck a person's life; medium-sized, it sharply cuts his happiness, accomplishment, and general satisfaction with life. Your friends are proof of this. Look them over, and see how easy it is to spot the one trait that makes them so much less than they could be.

Take the person who prides himself (herself) on being frank. "How do you like my new green hat?" you ask. *Well, to tell you the honest truth, it makes your skin look yellow . . .* At your dinner table, a guest speaks up: *This roast beef of yours is good, but there's a little restaurant downtown that serves it better. . . .* And don't overlook the friend who has just left your ailing wife's bedside. *I'm shocked, Marjorie has failed so that I wouldn't have known her . . .*

Blaming other people is another serious trait which grows fast if given encouragement. In the child it shows as: "Now look what you made me go and do!" In the teenager, it has become: "Sure, Mildred invited Jack, not me. Why not, when his dad's got all that dough!" In the adult, it has grown to: "I deserved that promotion, but

of course it went to Jim. You'll never catch me toadying to the boss the way he does! . . ."

No list of destroying drawbacks is complete without the *perfectionist*. Everybody will recognize him. Allan, for one. Al was an artist who landed a job with an advertising agency. He was to do "roughs"—that is, block out quick layouts to show clients for approval. Once approved, the rough was turned over to an outside artist to finish.

But Al had to sketch in each figure just so, treat each detail with precision, so that the finished job looked like an etching.

"Great guns!" cried his employer. "I want something finished in about three minutes, not three hours! I can't afford this fine work on first roughs! They're not worth it!"

If Al goes on striving for undue perfection, his life will be a monument to detail, without any time or mind left for real achievement.

However, while it is easy to see the other person's besetting sin, practically no one believes he has one, too. Yet, in the deepest privacy of our own minds, we must admit that in some ways we fall short. But perhaps we don't know exactly where, or to what extent. So now comes the pertinent question: *How can I find out what is wrong with me?*

Your family, friends and business associates unwittingly may help. Already, they have probably given you dozens of clues to your outstanding fault. *What was the last word spoken to you in anger?* There you have honest criticism, handed out free, if you only are willing to heed. So listen:

"If you'd just let up on that everlasting whining." (Does that infer

you are a chronic complainer?)—"Oh, mother, it wasn't meant as a slight. If you'd only stop being so sensitive!" (Is your fault sensitive-ness?)—"Why ask me? You'll run the show your own way, anyhow." (Another way of saying you are bossy?)—"Joe, will you just listen for once? Did it ever occur to you there might be two sides to a question?" (Opinionated?)

But if friends have spared your feelings, you will have to fall back on yourself and search carefully for the flaw in your personality. When you look deeply enough, you are sure to find it. Only then are you ready for the cure.

Once you recognize your trait as one that could become a wrecker—once you realize that any satisfaction gained from it is too high a price to pay for the damage it is

wreaking—you have taken the first step toward uprooting it.

But the cure will not be easy. It narrows down to self-discipline—to doing something positive *every time* the fault crops up.

We hear a great deal about stepping up our virtues. But according to Dr. Stieglitz, these need give us no concern, for they also grow bigger and better all the time. The generous people become more generous—the understanding, more understanding—the tolerant, more broad-minded. The secret to greater success and happiness in life lies in concentrating on the one unacceptable, unpleasant flaw.

At 20, at 30, even at 40, you can plan the self you want to be at 50. So why not heed science's findings and order yourself a new personality—right now?



### Arctics in the White House

ONE OF THE NICEST THINGS about Mark Twain was the complete naïvete with which he publicly admitted his faults. He said he guessed he was just born heedless, which caused his frequent unconscious departures from the little formalities of etiquette. His wife devoted a great deal of her time to protecting him from these social transgressions.

Dressing in his Washington hotel for a White House reception, Twain found a note in his pocket.

Later, at the White House, he drew Mrs. Cleveland aside, handed her his card on which he had written—"He did not"—and asked that she sign it.

"He did not what?" she asked. "And who is it that didn't?"

Twain shrugged his shoulders and grinned. "Never mind that!" he said. "An urgent matter. Go ahead and sign it. Take my word that it is all right."

The President's wife hesitated, then shrugged—and signed the card. Thereupon Mark Twain showed the first lady of the land his wife's note: "*Don't wear your arctics in the White House.*"

"This," Mrs. Cleveland said, bursting with laughter, "calls for prompt action!" So she summoned a messenger and instructed him to start the reply on its way at once.

—MARY ALKUS

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ONET

# What's Your Lucky Number?

Choose the right numbers and you should be able to cash in the same amount we have shown at the end of the quiz. Count five for each correct answer to find how close you came to winning 100 per cent. Answers are on page 123.

- 1 Days (incl. Sundays) in Western church Lenten season\_\_\_\_\_
- 2 Paper matches in a standard "book"\_\_\_\_\_
- 3 Justices in U. S. Supreme Court\_\_\_\_\_
- 4 Degrees in a circle\_\_\_\_\_
- 5 Types of five-dollar bills now in circulation\_\_\_\_\_
- 6 Leaves on a stem of poison ivy\_\_\_\_\_
- 7 Years in a tercentenary\_\_\_\_\_
- 8 Member nations of U. N.\_\_\_\_\_
- 9 Holidays observed on same dates each year in 47 states\_\_\_\_\_
- 10 Days in February, 1900\_\_\_\_\_
- 11 Cards in a standard deck\_\_\_\_\_
- 12 Senators in U. S. Congress\_\_\_\_\_
- 13 Cycles in electricity most generally used in U. S.\_\_\_\_\_
- 14 Pounds in a long ton\_\_\_\_\_
- 15 Members in the President's Cabinet\_\_\_\_\_
- 16 Time zones in U. S.\_\_\_\_\_
- 17 Years elapsed in shooting phase of World War II\_\_\_\_\_
- 18 American League baseball clubs\_\_\_\_\_
- 19 Sheets of paper in a long ream\_\_\_\_\_
- 20 Degrees C. for boiling water at sea level\_\_\_\_\_

total.....3,910





# The Big Bad Boss Is Vanishing

by VICTOR RIESEL

U.S. industry works hard and spends huge sums to improve the lot of its employees

I'D LIKE TO BURY a myth now haunting the country—the myth of the Big Bad Boss. It's as out-of-date as khaki leggings.

As a labor reporter, I cross this country several times a year, and I've found that the average employer isn't big, isn't tough on his workers, but is eager to tell his employees his problems and win their good will and respect even at considerable cost to himself.

In fact, American businessmen today are spending \$65,000,000 a year to publish 4,000 plant newspapers to tell their stories to their working people.

Only recently, in the small industrial city of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, a group of little businessmen cheered a speech I made, urg-

ing them to work hard at inventing ways to live peacefully with their workers and unions. At the end of the talk, the city's biggest manufacturers brought over local leaders of Phil Murray's steelworkers and Walter Reuther's auto union—and proudly revealed that they all got on well together.

Pollyannish? Hardly. If there were much to the myth of the bullying boss, this country would have blood instead of soapboxing at thousands of plant gates. There are approximately 100,000 labor-management contracts. Yet there are only 3,400 strikes a year, many of which last less than a week.

So peacefully have this nation's workers and their "bosses" lived together in the past generation that

the U. S. is the first nation of the world in leisurely, comfortable living. Certainly there's a tug of war over profits and wages—but let's stop maligning the much abused man who has been responsible for one half of all this production. Believe it or not, the average industrialist is inarticulate, despite all the slick stories you see around. He has a story to tell.

Sometimes he is the businessman who gives his employees an entire factory, or a club and recreation area, as did Eugene C. Pulliam, publisher of the Indianapolis *Star and News*, not long ago. That club is complete with swimming pools, bowling alleys, picnic grounds and a dance floor.

Incidentally, more than 1,200 companies now run such get-together clubs for their employees. For their pains, these businessmen are accused of paternalism. But who wouldn't rather have an employer win good will with a swimming pool than with a swearing foreman? At some point, give the "Old Man" credit for a reasonable margin of decency while computing his margin of profit.

Many a personnel manager keeps musing about gimmicks with which to keep his working staff in good humor, relaxed and filled with thoughts of afterworking hours. There's the Bigelow-Sanford Carpet Company, for example, which has every new girl answer some questions, and then, if she wishes, tacks up on the bulletin board a brief description of her previous business experience.

In Gardner, Massachusetts, the Heywood-Wakefield Company has hired a private photographer to

visit workers' homes and take portraits of their youngsters. These pictures appear in a special issue of the company newspaper, and parents working for the firm receive a photo for framing.

Still another corporation is aware of the lure of rod and reel. So it runs fishing contests. Another concern conducts garden contests on the plant grounds—with every patch judged for arrangement, quality and value.

Other companies, other techniques. There's always the danger of boredom and job fatigue. To relieve routine, the General Aniline and Film Corporation has run "Qunch" games at lunch time—a sort of quiz contest in the plant cafeterias. Correct answers are rewarded with free meals.

A few years ago, Macy's in New York opened a roof garden on the 20th floor with flower boxes, green shrubs, candy-striped chairs and benches. Some Macy-ites play cards, some sit and chat over lunch, still others sun-bathe or escape the heat in the shade of large awning-covered sections.

Different areas, different types of relaxation. Some auto companies run an annual golf clinic for employees—Detroit pros demonstrate the proper techniques. At Springfield, Ohio, the International Harvester Company has an enclosed practice range, where it conducts afterhours golf classes.

COMPANY "GIFTS" COME in many forms. A holiday party for the 1,800 building employees at New York's Rockefeller Center provides gay hours for the workers and their families—with entertainment "im-

ported" from Rockefeller Center's Music Hall.

It is such actions that make working people feel they're more than cogs, despite the gargantuan size of the plants in which they work. And so it goes in thousands of smaller plants throughout the U.S. With baby-sitters and basketball leagues, with chess clubs and country clubs, with sponsorship of afterhours social life, and with deep interest in those who have retired on pensions after a long working life, American industry hits back at those who have criticized its motives over the years.

Of course, the bigger corporations have more elaborate "welfare" programs, as can be testified by many at the Ford Motor Company. Hundreds are helped daily by personnel counselors, now part of a program to impress the working staff with the company's respect for the dignity of those who create its cars and profits.

The International Business Machines Corporation makes a specialty of country clubs for employees. There are several near the company's New York State plants—at Endicott and Poughkeepsie, for example—which are models. Each club is governed solely by employees—positively no executive, factory supervisor or departmental manager may serve as officer. Here is an effort to create a community whose people, through playing and working together, will understand each other and become more valuable as units of the larger society in which they live.

Other companies, other systems. In General Electric plants—which produce everything from kitchen

griddles to locomotives—there is great company eagerness to teach its people. At the Erie Works and in some Chemical Department plants, managers hold regular informative parleys with small groups of employees, selected at random. At these bull sessions, the managers act as a sort of "Information Please" panel. They discuss any question raised by the men.

At the huge Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), which has one of the world's most unusual saving-bonus plans, their workers receive a booklet which, in the words of an anonymous employee, says:

"As long as I work for the company, I will not be discriminated against for membership or non-membership in any church, union, society or fraternity. My wages will be at least as high as the prevailing scale for similar work in my community, and probably higher. I don't run the risk of being fired without notice unless I commit one of a posted list of offenses.

"I will receive a written warning of any other offenses which, if repeated, will make me liable to discharge. If work gets slack and there is to be a layoff, there will be written notices, too.

"I can take up personal grievances with 'the man higher up.' If I want a union representative with me, that's my privilege, too. My case may even go to top executives. And if negotiations don't settle the matter, a mutually agreeable arbitrator may be called in.

"I got two weeks' vacation with pay at the end of my first year. I've had two weeks' paid vacation every year since then. I'll get three weeks if I stay with this outfit 15

years, and there's a good chance I will. Of the 60,000-odd employees in the Jersey Standard group in the U. S., more than 11,000 have been on the job more than 20 years. Why shouldn't I?"

That much for the policy of a company that deals with 55 unions. Whatever the company's motive—and every company is in business to make profits peacefully—the experts will agree that here is good labor policy.

Of course, such enlightened policies by American corporations have not wiped out memories of unwise, tough and primitive personnel policies of 30 years ago. Workers still are suspicious of management's motives. And few observers will deny that today's personnel office, the piped-in music in factories and banks, the rest rooms and roof-top "beaches," the camps and clubs, have sprung from policies that executives

thought were good business and hence would bring speedier production. But the sheer momentum over the decades has removed such personnel work as far from the paternalism of the "Big Boss" as Nelson A. Rockefeller is from the old John D.

Of course, labor is big, too, and the business executive finds he must compete with the union chief for credibility among the thousands of workers he can no longer reach with the personal touch of years gone by. But whatever the motive, this is certain:

It is a happier, more peaceful day for the man in the shop—the worker who really knows that, despite the irritations and the wage-round fracas, the big, tough boss is gone with the goggles of the open touring car. In his place is a wiser employer. So why not give the fellow a chance?

## The Little



## Angels!

WHEN SHE WAS FOUR, her parents decided it was time little Anne started attending church. So the following Sunday she accompanied them to services. The minister, up high in his pulpit, was earnest and vigorous. His voice rolled out over his flock in loud tones and low, as he waved his arms and twisted his torso. And he completely fascinated small Anne. Finally, clutching her father's arm, she asked worriedly, "What do we do if he gets out?"

—STEPHEN MICHAELS

THE SMALL SON of a faculty member at Cleveland College trudged home from his first day at Sunday school and solemnly began emptying his pockets of money—quarters, dimes, nickels—while his parents stood by gaping.

Finally his mother shrieked, "Where did you get all that money?" "At Sunday school," said the youngster. "They've got bowls of it down there!"

—ELEANOR CLARAGE



## Sharing Faith with Shut-ins

by LEN LESOURD

Bedridden and blind, Gerber Schafer has found real happiness in helping others

**I**T WAS MIDNIGHT and the phone was ringing—ringing in a hospital room where one light glowed softly and where a man lay almost helpless in bed—immobilized from the neck down, and blind.

Gerber D. Schafer, disabled veteran of World War I, has spent 24 years in hospitals, flat on his back—the past 15 years in this same room of St. Joseph's Hospital in Reading, Pennsylvania.

After the first ring, a nurse picked up the receiver and held it to Schafer's head. Other patients were asleep, but Gerber was awake—and alert. Phone calls at this hour were commonplace.

"Hello, Gerb. This is Dr. Cham-

bers," said an urgent voice. "We'd better get Mr. Stone off to Boston tomorrow. Can't postpone the operation any longer."

Gerber's face furrowed into lines of concentration. "It's all set, Doc. Money for the doctor is in the bank. Can you get Mr. Stone on the morning plane?"

"Yes, but I'll also need money for expenses."

"That's arranged, too. I'll send the money to you at the airport. I'll also notify the surgeon in Boston when Mr. Stone will arrive, so that an ambulance will be waiting."

The nurse hung up the receiver. Then she sighed at the realization that it would take another hour to

get the Sergeant to go to sleep. She and the other nurses who attend Schafer are always torn between admiration for his great charitable work and professional concern lest he overtire himself.

Although restricted to talking, listening and thinking, Schafer begins his working day at 6 A. M. and ends it usually some 19 hours later, at 1 A. M. During this time he entertains a steady stream of visitors, arranges for fund-raising projects, serves as a Reading "information bureau," dictates to his volunteer secretaries and generally performs the duties of a corporation head.

After his telephone conversation, Sergeant Schafer closed his eyes for a moment. "Dear God," he said, "thank You for giving me a chance to help another shut-in!"

This particular case had been very important to Schafer. Mr. Stone badly needed a spinal operation to restore the use of his legs. He had no money. Hearing of the situation, Gerber had taken swift action. Phone calls were made and letters written to influential people—friends of Gerber. Soon money was raised to pay all operation expenses. The right surgeon was also found, and he predicted that if the operation were performed quickly the patient would walk again.

Today, thanks mainly to Sergeant Schafer, Mr. Stone walks. Today, thanks to Reading's most active citizen, hospitals have new operating equipment, an ex-convict has started his own business and become a fine citizen, many shut-in invalids are earners and doers—the list goes on and on.

"The days aren't long enough to get everything done," Gerb once

admitted to a visitor. But they are too long to suit his nurses, who have had to slow him down.

Columnist Charles B. Driscoll, who became a great admirer of Schafer's, wrote that if he had a disturbing problem and wanted someone's keen insight, he would seek out Gerb. "He would think about it in a simple and direct way," wrote Driscoll. "Lying on his back year after year, Gerber has drifted closer and closer to Truth—and to God!"

But there was a time when Schafer's spirit was as crushed and useless as his body. What caused the change? Ten minutes of someone's time, plus a three-cent stamp. This, multiplied many times, rescued Schafer.

During World War I, Schafer, handsome and well-built, enlisted in the Air Corps. A forced landing left him badly bruised. Then came a series of operations on his back; but one by one the joints stiffened. "Sarge," said the doctor, "you might as well face facts . . ."

The rest of the words trailed off. Utter despair seized Gerber. "I cried out to God in my agony," he stated. "I asked Him why I should live—helpless, hopeless, a nuisance to society. The pain was unbearable. I never slept more than two hours a night. If I could have reached those drugs in my table drawer . . ."

Gerber's relatives and friends did what they could to help. They remembered a radio character named Cheerio, who devoted air time to recognition of shut-ins. Cheerio was asked if he would mention Gerber on his birthday.

Cheerio (real name Charles K.

Fields) told his coast-to-coast listeners about Schafer, who faced a lifetime on his back. Would they drop him a few words of encouragement? Cheerio ended his program with this Bible quote: "God, whose I am, and whom I serve."

Gerber listened numbly to the broadcast. He didn't want pity. "But I couldn't get that quote out of my mind," he revealed. "I had never served God. Now, I thought, it was too late."

Then letters and cards began to pour in. "I was still too miserable to care very much," Gerb revealed, "but I dictated some kind of reply." As people kept writing, Schafer kept on answering, hardly aware that an interest in these letters was slowly nibbling away at his apathy.

One day Gerb received a letter telling of a paralyzed Negro boy who needed a motorized wheel chair. The lad wanted to sell newspapers. Schafer's heart was drawn to the youngster. Here was another cripple yearning for an outlet for his energies.

The fact that the boy's hobby was collecting stamps gave Schafer an

idea. Stamp dealers pay money for canceled stamps in bulk, on the chance that a few valuable ones are among the thousands. Well, Gerber had a long list of friends. He also had a phone. Sergeant Schafer went to work.

He sent letters to friends asking for stamps. Advertisements were placed in local papers and read over the air. Everywhere the call was for stamps—to give a crippled boy a chance in life.

Result: close to 1,000,000 stamps flooded the hospital, more than enough, when turned into cash, to provide the motorized wheel chair. Even more important, Schafer realized he had a career before him—a demanding, full-time, exhausting career. With pension and insurance providing basic living expenses, he could concentrate entirely on raising money for worthy causes.

"It was quite a discovery—finding that real happiness comes from giving instead of receiving," he says today. "I knew then that God had use for everyone in this world. If anyone should ever doubt this, let him take a look at me!"



### Ladies First

A SOMEWHAT-SCANDALOUS case was being tried in a French law court, and a vast crowd of the curious was on hand, anxious to hear every word of the testimony.

But the judge had different ideas. "The people here," he announced, "are probably not aware

of the nature of the case we are about to try. I feel it incumbent on me to request all respectable women to withdraw."

No one made a move. The judge then said, "Now that all the respectable women have left, the sergeant will eject the others."

—*Liguorian*



**P**HEASANT HUNTERS, arriving at dusk in a small Dakota village, stopped a native and inquired for the best restaurant in town.

"There's one up that way," he said, pointing north. "And there's another down there." He jerked his thumb south. "But whichever one you're at, you'll wish to heaven you'd picked the other."

—ROMA MILBOURN

**"H**AVE A GOOD NIGHT?" the hostess asked sweetly of the house guest who had slept on a couch.

"Fairly good," he answered sleepily. "I got up from time to time and rested."

—BERTHA SULMAN

**W**HILE DRIVING through a particularly rugged section of the hillbilly belt, a motorist was surprised to see a ragged member of the clan come tumbling down a steep hillside.

"Third time I've fell outa that field today," the hillbilly complained as he got to his feet.

Looking up, the motorist noticed that the precipitous slope had

been painstakingly cultivated. "Why work that hillside anyway?" he asked. "It's practically straight up and down."

"Well, it's this way," the farmer drawled. "I like to plant a mess of melons there 'cause when they ripen it's wonderful to set on the porch and watch 'em roll down that side hill right to the door."

**O**NE CHILLY DAY, a Midwestern concern advertised that it would give away coal shovels to the first 150 persons who showed up at its office. It did, too, and that evening 150 persons were shoveling coal in their basements with brand-new shovels, each of which had this message engraved on it: "If you had installed one of our oil heaters, you would now be sitting comfortably in the living room."

—HAROLD HELPER

**T**HE BRAND-NEW HUSBAND became alarmed at his mother-in-law's tendency to overstay her welcome, so he surreptitiously switched on the family wire recorder during one of the lady's more gabby moments. Some time later, he managed to play the monologue back over the radio loud-speaker as though it were a commercial program.

"What a horrible program!" the mother-in-law exclaimed before the awful truth dawned on her.

She was on her way home within the hour. —*Changing Times—The Kiplinger Magazine*

**H**E HAD THE MISFORTUNE to marry a lady with money, and scarcely were they back from the honeymoon when she began to remind him of the fact. Whenever they

bought something nice she'd inevitably come up with the remark, "Of course, if it weren't for my money, we wouldn't have that."

Last week they got an expensive television set and had a few friends in to admire it. After the guests had beamed and exclaimed sufficiently, the wife said, "It's beautiful, but as I keep telling Henry, without my money, it wouldn't be here."

This finally stirred the sleeping lion in Henry, who turned to his wife and exploded: "And now, let me tell *you* something. If it weren't for your money—I wouldn't be here either."

—JOHN A. STRALEY

A YOUNG COUPLE asked the parson to marry them immediately following the Sunday morning service. When the time came, the minister rose and announced: "Will those who wish to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony please come forward?"

There was a great stir—and 13 women and one man walked up to the altar.

—*The Liguorian*

THE YOUNG THING was late for the symphony concert. "What are they playing now?" she breathlessly inquired of the usher.

"Ninth Symphony," he replied.

"Goodness!" exclaimed the tardy one. "Am I as late as that?"

—NICOLAS SLONIMSKY

WHEN AN AMERICAN college professor on a lecture tour in the Far East spoke at a Chinese university, an interpreter translated his words into Chinese symbols on a blackboard. The professor soon noted that the interpreter stopped writing during most of his lecture,

and at the conclusion he asked why.

"We only write when the speaker says something," was the reply.

—ANNA LEE

BLOWN OUT OF HOUSE and home by a tornado, a family sent their small son to his aunt in a nearby city. After three days they received this telegram: "Returning Bobby. Send tornado."

—*The Gas Flame*—INDIANAPOLIS

ON HER FIRST TRIP, the new elevator girl brought the car to a spine-jarring stop and exclaimed solicitously: "Oh dear! Did I stop too quick?"

To which an old lady in the rear of the elevator remarked, "Not at all, child. I *like* my bloomers around my ankles."

—MRS. ROBERT S. PASTOR

A MAN ASKED the proprietor of a small circus for a job and was offered that of lion tamer.

"It's really very easy," the proprietor explained. "The whole trick is in making the lions believe you're not afraid of them."

The man hesitated for a moment, and then said, "No, I don't think I could be that deceitful." —EVAN ESAB

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*Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.*

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# Home Away from Home

## THE STORY OF THE "Y"

by CAROL HUGHES

TO SOME PEOPLE, the Young Men's Christian Association is a chain of low-cost hotels stretching across the country. To the unknowing, it is some form of religion, they do not know quite what kind. Still others think of it as a center for underprivileged youngsters or a

training place for budding athletes. To Y.M.C.A. directors, this is right as can be—the "Y" is all of these things. And yet it is much more. For, today, thousands of families look upon the "Y," with its enormous scope of activities, as their home away from home.

Photographs by Jerry Cooke





A volunteer leader of a YMCA Tri-Hi-Y Club for girls of high-school age. One of every 12 "Y" members is a girl.



A Junior Hi-Y Club member. These active clubs, organized for teen-agers, have about 500,000 members.

THE "Y" MEANS many things to those who seek it out as a friend. To the widowed mother who must work, it is home to her children while she labors. For lonely servicemen away from home, it is a foster home—a memorable and friendly part of Main Street anywhere. For parents, it is a trusted guide, where children will learn the enduring values they will need in adulthood. And for the youngsters themselves, many of whom come with an odd, anxious sadness, the "Y" is fairyland, where a shining swimming pool and a gymnasium are theirs for the asking, where nature clubs and hobby shops and good pals—all the ingredients of a boy's heaven—are at their command, for American "Y's" are open to boys of every age, race, color or creed.

The "Y's" figures for attendance and activities reach astronomical proportions in this land of ours. With 3,500,000 members, its operating cost soared over \$100,000,000 last year. A leading educational institution, the American "Y" operates 20 degree-granting colleges, with 85,000 students. Because youngsters and adults return again and again to their neighborhood "Y's," attendance last year reached the astonishing totals of 30,000,000 for physical activities, and 73,500,000 participating in family groups and clubs.

In America, the "Y" is big business—the big business of contributing to the physical, intellectual and spiritual well-being and improvement of boys, girls, mothers and fathers—adding up to an impressive humanitarian total.

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HERE A BOY CAN ENJOY HAPPY HOURS WORKING ON A FAVORITE PROJECT.



"Y" TUMBLERS.







Lifesaving and artificial respiration are vital in swimming programs.

THE LOWLY BEGINNINGS of the Y.M.C.A. hardly foretold its future world-wide significance. Begun in London in 1844 by a group of 12 youthful dry-goods clerks, it was a desperate attempt to combat the terrible poverty and vice of London in the throes of the Industrial Revolution. Surely, they argued at their first meeting, there must be better ways to alleviate human misery than by drinking and gambling.

Soon, the "Y" became a beacon in a world of darkness. Within a month they were 70 strong, and at the end of four years they were 600,000 strong. The "Y's" founder became Sir George Williams, and his simple philosophy became a watchword. "Don't argue with a young man who has lost God," he said. "Take him out to supper."



A close play at second base. "Y's" utilize school playgrounds to accommodate the overflow of youngsters.



Classes in physical education develop co-ordination and team work.



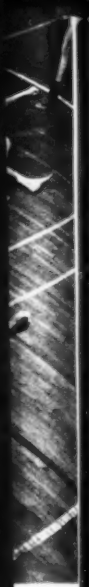
Day camps, available through many "Y" associations, bring life in the open to thousands of fun-loving kids.

**I**N 1851, THE "Y" began its impressive march across America. Today, it ministers to the entire personality of the young man. No problem is too difficult.

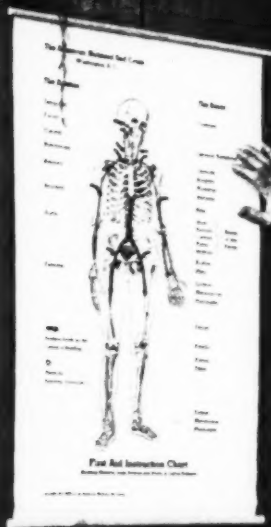
Take young Mike. Slightly crippled, the product of a broken home, Mike turned bitterly to crime. Juvenile probation officers brought him to the "Y." Weeks passed. Mike remained unimpressed, until one day a case of mounted butterflies caught his eye. Then he mounted a specimen himself, and soon forgot about being a tough guy.

Or take "Cy" Sailor. A champion Cincinnati bowler, "Cy" suddenly became almost sightless. He felt life was over—until a "Y" director patiently taught him to bowl "blind." Last year, "Cy" recaptured his champion's crown.





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BOYS LEARN PHYSIOLOGY UNDER DIRECTION OF A "Y" INSTRUCTOR.



THE "Y" PROVIDES ALMOST ANY HOBBY A BOY CAN NAME.







Informal education attracts many young adults to the "Y."

TODAY, IN MIDDLE-SIZED and small towns throughout America, thousands of families find their social life centered in "Y" activities. One out of every 12 members is a girl, and it is not unusual for the entire family to spend an evening at the "Y." The young folks dance, play cards, sing, indulge their hobbies, have a swim, or spend a quiet hour reading. Meanwhile, father may be trading stamps or learning how to paint with oils or water colors, while mother is fulfilling a lifelong urge to act or design costumes for the "Y" Little Theater.

And while mother may never land on Broadway, and father's paintings may never be exhibited in a gallery—both have achieved the rich satisfaction of a fuller and more wholesome life.



Activities sponsored by the Y.M.C.A. offer a wide variety of sports in a wholesome atmosphere.



The "Y" was a pioneer in teaching preparation for marriage.

**A**GE MEANS NOTHING at the "Y." For adults, there is the companionship of doctors, lawyers, musicians, housewives, laborers—men and women from every walk of life. There are sports and hobbies for those who seek them, and a reassuring hour with one of the directors in times of trouble and confusion.

To many young married couples, the "Y" is the place they met, danced, laughed and shared in sports, and finally came to the chapel and the counselor before taking their big step into the future.

Childhood memories of the "Y" have a way of being unforgettable. Ezzard Charles, heavyweight champion, came to the "Y" as a boy. At nine, he joined the boxing class, and his juvenile problems were over. He is still a "Y" member.

Sometimes, memories have dramatic results. Eddie, a little city boy, attended a "Y" camp. He had never slept in the open before. One of the directors found him tearfully huddled on the camp pier the first evening. He was both frightened and homesick. They had a long talk about the night and the stars and the out-of-doors and Eddie, his eyes shining, became a devoted "Y" camper. Years later, at the close of the war, a bemedaled and heroic commander of a convoy came home. It was Eddie. He went straight to his old camp directors.

"I never forgot that talk so many years ago," he told them, "and when I stood watch on the bridge at night in total darkness, with a black sea lighted only by remote stars, I remembered—and was no longer afraid."

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SQUARE DANCING IS NOT FOR SISSIES. "Y" YOUNG FOLKS LOVE IT.



CAFETERIAS AND GYMS BY DAY BECOME "NIGHT CLUBS" IN THE EVENING.







Sons and fathers are brought close by the Indian Guides program.

SINCE 1885, THE "Y" has been, for millions of boys, a passport to the great outdoors. Not one of those boys went to "Y" camp specifically to have his character formed. They went to hunt, fish, canoe, sleep under the stars, bat a baseball, ride a horse or pitch a tent. But, sitting around a dying campfire, away from hot city streets, and with the companionship of a trusted leader, something happens to a boy. Sermons whispered by towering trees, and songs and stories told in harmony, live long in a boy's mind. And as they crawl into their tents, drooping with fatigue that can come only from the end of a wonderfully happy day, there is contentment in the bronzed young faces—the problems of yesterday have somehow melted away.



Indian Guides, a popular "Y" club, requires that both father and son be present to participate in activities.



The "Y" swimming hole is a popular spot on warm summer days.



Mom may be a fine cook, but nothing compares with food cooked over an open fire in the wide out-of-doors.

THE "Y" DOES MEAN many things to many people. The family groups, the young men and women, the poor and underprivileged—all are there, learning to conquer themselves and find new directions.

And over all is the unobtrusive guidance of men and women, some of whom are paid, thousands who are volunteers—giving of their time and themselves that others may find a way, as they have done.

It is a task that will never be finished. Wave on wave of youngsters will forever pour through the open, friendly doors of the "Y's" all over the world. They will come eager-eyed, a little shy, a little frightened. But as they find themselves, grow, and move into a wider world, they will remember, and their memories will last forever.



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THESE ARE WONDERFUL DAYS THAT A BOY WILL LONG REMEMBER.



A BOY'S WORLD HAS HORIZONS THAT NEVER CEASE TO EXPAND. AND, WITH WARM COMPANIONSHIP, HIS FUTURE IS FORMING, AND HE IS LEARNING THE "Y's" CREED—THINGS ARE NEVER BAD WHEN A FELLOW HAS A FRIEND.

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## "Friend of Every Friendless Beast"

by ZULMA STEELE

The ASPCA is an enduring monument to Henry Bergh, its founder

IT HAPPENED IN the New York of 1866—a city of horsecars and hansom cabs. A weary truck horse pulled up to the curb and quivered under the driver's whip. The truckman shouted "C'mon you —" and laid on the lash.

Suddenly, the flickering light of a street lamp outlined a man in Prince Albert coat and top hat.

"Stop, my friend!" he said to the driver. "You can't do that."

"Can't beat my own horse?" sneered the truckman. "Who says I can't." And the lash flicked out again at the weary horse.

The top-hatted gentleman raised his cane to call a near-by policeman. "Arrest this driver," he said. "The charge is cruelty to animals."

In court the driver, still muttering about "meddling swells," paid a fine of \$10. It was one of the first convictions secured by the new Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which was founded in that same year of 1866 by the same impeccable gentleman, Henry Bergh.

Today, kindness to animals is an axiom everywhere. Animal owners practice it — or else — the "else" meaning that the ASPCA gets after them. But in bygone days the devoted dog, the faithful horse, received no more protection than a man's umbrella.

When Henry Bergh set out to apply his hard-won anticruelty law, he met with sneers and cat-

calls. Yet The Great Meddler, as he was called, carried on almost singlehanded. Why did this sensitive, wealthy crusader persist? The answer lies in the strange career of one of the most colorful reformers in American history.

Young Bergh, scion of a ship-building family, was educated in the arts, then took the fashionable Grand Tour abroad. When he was appointed by Abraham Lincoln as Secretary to the U.S. legation in St. Petersburg, he sported gold lace and a Napoleonic hat.

One day, while driving in the Czar's capital, Bergh saw a horse fall to its knees beneath the lash of a Russian cabby. Leaping from the legation carriage, he snatched the upraised whip. The cabman, cowed by the air of authority, began to bow and scrape.

"At last I've found a use for my gold braid," Bergh told the court—and shortly resigned from the diplomatic service.

Bergh, it seemed, had glimpsed a new goal in life. Borrowing the scheme for his humane Society from England's Royal SPCA, he hurried home to America. Two years later, in 1866, he founded the first American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Peter Cooper, John Jacob Astor, Jr., August Belmont, C. V. S. Roosevelt, Horace Greeley—charter members of the Society—joined him in the extravagant pledge "that the blood-red hand of cruelty shall no longer torture dumb beasts with impunity."

More than fine words, however, were needed to combat the brutal conditions of Bergh's day. Cities were run by horsepower, and the

horse-railway companies had political influence. "Sportsmen" indulged in dogfighting, cockfighting and live pigeon shoots. Butchers and dairymen, running their businesses strictly for profit, had no time for kindness to animals.

When Bergh set out from ASPCA headquarters to patrol the streets, New Yorkers shrugged off the elegant eccentric as just another "crank." The newspapers ignored him. What he needed was a device to make people sit up and take notice of his crusade. The break came when the schooner *Active*, loaded with turtles, docked at an East River pier.

In the hold of the ship, Bergh found a hundred turtles half-dead, blood oozing from their flippers where holes had been drilled and rope run through them. Arresting the captain and his crew, Bergh marched them to the Tombs, followed by a boisterous mob.

In court, defense counsel argued that the new laws were made for animals, not turtles. What then, asked Bergh, *was* the turtle? Surely not mineral or vegetable? He lost the case midst cynical laughter, but gained his point, for the New York *Herald* devoted six columns to the trial. Next day a million people knew about his aims.

SOON, BERGH BEGAN to employ uniformed agents, armed with powers of arrest. Fewer blows rained down upon the backs of overburdened horses. Ridicule gave way to respect as carters and butcher boys found the fashionable "toff" and his helpers did not flinch at oaths or recoil from brickbats. In court, Bergh used his political influence

to see that judges weighted the anti-cruelty law with fines.

After four years' work, the ASPCA badge had won recognition through most of New York City, yet Bergh had made no headway against the transit companies that abused their horses. One blizzardy afternoon, at a downtown corner, he stepped on to the tracks, right in the path of an overloaded car being dragged by two tired nags.

"Unload!" he ordered, turning back the lapel of his coat to show the Society badge.

"Get out of the way!" cried the driver, doubling his fists. Swiftly, the six-foot Bergh pulled the man from his seat and tossed him headlong into a snowbank.

The car behind stopped, and the next, and the next. Soon a blockade extended a quarter-mile, while chilly passengers fumed. The street-car company tried to send cars up Fourth Avenue, but ASPCA agents stopped them at the Bowery. For two hours, Bergh kept his finger pressed on the main arteries of the city's rush-hour traffic.

Finally, at 7 P.M., the company gave in. As soon as Bergh saw doubled horse teams on the downtown route—four animals instead of two to pull a car—the lines began to move again. Next day, the ASPCA was the talk of the town.

Bergh invaded one abattoir where hogs were being thrown into boiling water. "The laws of God and man are against this cruelty to helpless animals," he told the butchers. "I appeal to your manhood to help me in saving unnecessary suffering."

The men fell back, baffled. Slaughterhouse "rings" fought his

interference in court. But ensuing publicity brought down on their heads the rules of enlightened Health Boards.

As the influence of the Society grew, Henry Bergh watched anxiously over his diminishing funds. One night, working late over figures, he glanced about his dingy attic office. There were not even enough chairs to seat the agents who carried on his work! Something must be done. But what?

Like an answer to prayer came a knock on the ASPCA door. Would Mr. Bergh visit a sick man in the hospital? Wondering, Bergh went to the bedside of Louis Bonard, a Frenchman who had made a fortune trading with the Indians. The old man's gaunt face lighted.

"You will go far!" he said, and began pouring out admiration of Bergh's work in an excitable mixture of French and English.

"Perhaps," said Bergh sadly. And then he confessed that his Society could not go on without help.

"*Mon ami*," said the trader, "I shall help you! Only promise that if ever you have the power, you will extend your protection to the wild things of forest and plain."

Bonard died soon afterward, leaving \$100,000 to the Society. This sum, plus other contributions which followed, enabled the ASPCA to acquire larger offices and to spread the word through a country-wide campaign. Eventually, Bonard's dream of helping the animals whose pelts and feathers had built his fortune came true with today's wildlife-conservation program and the Audubon Society, of which Bergh was vice-president.

Bergh lived to become a prophet

not without honor, though always a paradox. One might have expected the animals' champion to surround himself with pets, yet at home no puppy ran to greet him. Still he loudly praised "man's best friend." No pet canary perched on Bergh's well-tailored shoulder, yet he crusaded in defense of the pesky English sparrow and raged against those who recommended that the birds be killed and made into potpies. Reportedly, Bergh had no love for cats, yet he sneaked bits of food for stray felines from his table at Delmonico's.

Bergh seemed not even especially fond of horses, for whose cause his Society did so much, although he retired a stableful of New York hacks to quiet old age at his estate on Lake Mahopac. He was never seen to fondle a handsome steed, yet he did not consider it beneath him to bring hay and water with manicured hands to a horse fallen on icy streets.

As the years caught up with him, Bergh brooded: "I hate to think what may befall this Society when I am gone." He need not have worried. So firm was its foundation — morally and financially — that practically every branch of humane work now carried on for animals had its roots in the farseeing vision of Henry Bergh.

Each year in New York City, the

ASPCA investigates almost as many cases of cruelty to animals as the more than 12,000 covered during the 22 years of Bergh's leadership. Its five shelters handle more than 250,000 animals a year.

The 33 Societies he inspired throughout the country have grown to more than 600. What's more, their influence is felt today in every home and classroom, in every poultry market, pet shop, dog pound, race track, stable, circus—even in Hollywood where a humane agent looks out for the safety of animal actors in the movies.

"Age is a point I am very tender upon," Bergh once remarked. "I'm never going to be more than 45!"

Thirty years over his deadline, however, in his 75th year, he ended an amazing career at dawn of New York's famous blizzard of '88. For the first time in 22 years, the animal's friend failed to command the ASPCA as agents worked to rescue snowbound animals.

While the ASPCA became a household word, the name of Henry Bergh vanished with the snowflakes. Yet he won poetic immortality in Longfellow's lines:

"Among the noblest of the land, though he may count himself the least, that man I honor and revere, who, without favor, without fear, in the great city dares to stand the friend of every friendless beast!"

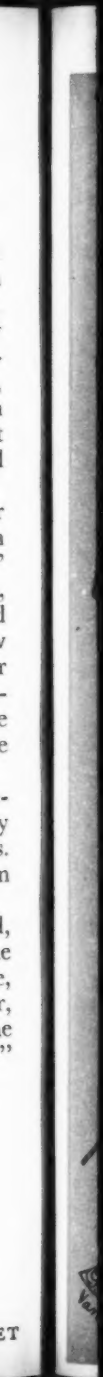
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### Across the Counter

"I'D LIKE A TWO-POUND roast," the brand-new housewife told the butcher, "but I don't want anything tough or fat."

"My dear young lady," he retorted, "you don't want meat, you want an egg."

—EDITH BAER



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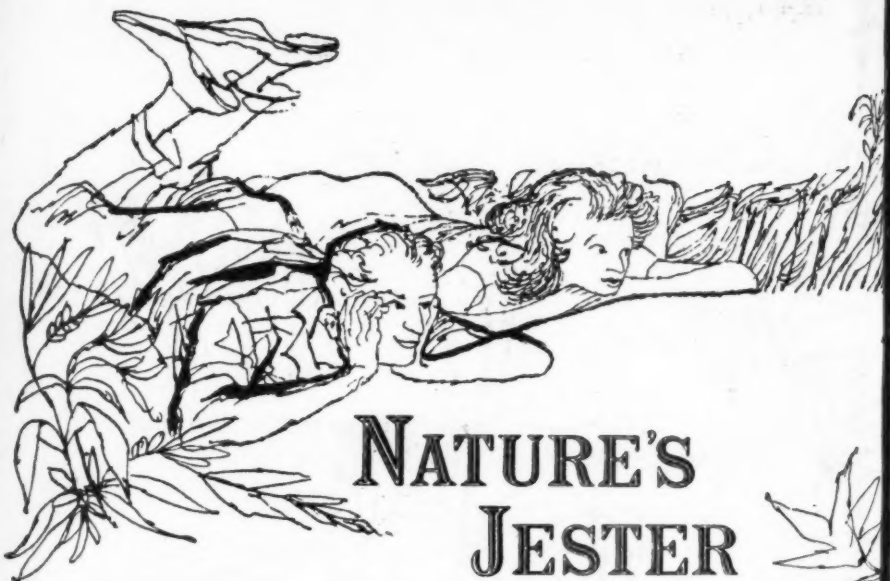
# Those Pesky Pronouns!

Pronouns are the most troublesome words in the English language. Actual tests have shown that these one-syllable tricksters pop up incorrectly in everyday speech more often than four- and five-syllable tongue twisters. *I* or *me*? *He* or *him*? *We* or *us*? *She* or *her*? *They* or *them*? *Who* or *whom*? Even experts stumble over these. Where do you stand? Try the following. Twelve or more correct make your pronouns pets instead of pests. (Answers on page 123.)



1. Where can you find a better allergist than (he or him)?
2. No one except (she or her) can help you.
3. Let's keep this strictly between you and (I or me).
4. The baby looks more like (I or me) every day.
5. Everyone agreed to the change but (we or us).
6. Was it (they or them) the letter referred to?
7. Under these circumstances, how would you like to be (we or us)?
8. He wants you and (I or me) to help him.
9. You suspected the murderer to be (I or me) all the time, didn't you?
10. How would you like to have dinner with my sister and (I or me)?
11. We are as good as (they or them) any day.
12. What would the women do without (we or us) men?
13. (Who or whom) would you like to be if you were not yourself?
14. He is the only judge (who or whom) we think is capable of conducting that trial.
15. We will speak to (whoever or whomever) has been assigned to handle the case.

Vander Noot



## NATURE'S JESTER

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

OF ALL THE BIRDS known to me, one stands supreme as the prince of jesters. As we know from history and from literature, the court fool was usually the wisest and the wittiest man in the palace of the king. I cannot answer for the wisdom of this bird—unless to take life as a huge joke be considered wisdom; but the yellow-breasted chat is assuredly the most artistic mountebank in the whole wide realm of nature.

Until you have seen him performing on the trapeze, and until you have listened to his waggish raillery, you do not realize what you have missed in the way of sheer entertainment. Nor is the chat a rare

bird, to be seen and listened to only by the favored few who have time to seek him out in some secluded hide-out. In almost any old bushy clearing you can watch him and hear him.

But you need some patience, for, with all his rollicking antics, he is a shy and secretive soul. If you move, he will be still; if you make yourself one with your surroundings, he will perform—not especially for you, but just because he loves to play the fool.

Although he is the largest of the warblers, he does not warble, he chortles. What a mad medley of whistles, catcalls, gurgles, chuckles, grunts and mews he gives; then falls



ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE MARTIN

suddenly silent, as if to note the effect of his cheerful jargon on the listener! Nor are his notes alone in producing the effect of his clownishness. He wears a garb of motley: olive-green on wings and back, he has white rings around his shrewd and perversely merry eyes, while his breast and underparts are bright yellow and white.

Moreover, his movements are antic. While I have seen the swallow-tailed kite perform marvelous aerial maneuvers, the chat is a mountebank on a trapeze. Rising from the bushes where he has been giving his one-man comic opera, he will drop, with wings curiously curved and feet extended, appear

to catch himself in mid-air, and then sidle downward with the most absurd yet amusing awkwardness. His tumbling lacks grace, yet it is amazing in its careless heed and reckless art, manifesting that seeming abandon which is possible only when there is complete mastery of self-control.

Here is a stunt flier, appropriately dressed for the part; a wild eccentric, the mystery of whose behavior no bird lover, however keen, has quite been able to fathom. Truly, he is a beloved vagabond and nature's jester supreme, who exults in producing doggerel verses and in indulging in the strangest vagaries of behavior.



## Ways to Save on This Year's Taxes

by J. K. LASSER

Before filing your return, study these suggestions from an income-tax expert

**T**HIS YEAR, AS EVERY YEAR, the average American dreads the approach of income-tax day. By March 15, you and some 50 million others will have to prepare and file your returns for 1949 income.

Last year, a general reduction in tax rates resulted in savings. This year, tax laws are unchanged, yet thousands of taxpayers can again save money by understanding the important opportunities the law provides for reducing payments.

Remember—the U.S. Government does not want you to pay a cent of money that is not legally due. It does not want you to overstate your income tax, or fail to take advantage of all permissible deductions. Every year, the Treasury goes to great trouble and expense in refunding avoidable overpayments on income taxes. And yet Uncle Sam frequently cannot correct your errors, because they cannot be found.

Based on my experience as the author of a textbook of which more than 10,000,000 copies have been

sold, here are 14 case histories of people who learned how to save money by taking the full allowances due them. Study these cases, and see if you, too, cannot benefit from the savings effected by others.

These are by no means the *only* 14 ways of cutting down your tax burden; they are merely among the most obvious. A talk with your local tax adviser may disclose other methods not mentioned below.

### 1. *Parent:*

There is the case of the father who had an income of about \$5,000 for the year. His teen-age son had had a serious operation. The doctor, the hospital, and other medical expenses cost \$1,400. Normally the father knew he could deduct the expenses if they were more than 5 per cent of adjusted gross income. But his son had earned about \$600 annually for some years past, and the father had been told that he could not take his son as an exemption. That is correct. Nevertheless, the

father is allowed to claim his son as a medical-deduction dependent. He saved \$206.

**2. Married Couple:**

I know a couple who assumed, after the income-splitting law was passed, that filing a joint return would save them money. Actually, they saved about one week's combined income by filing separate returns. The husband earned \$5,000 for the year, the wife \$3,600. To meet a family emergency, the husband sold some of his stock at a loss of \$2,100 and the wife took a \$3,000 loss on bonds she had inherited. By filing separately, they saved \$161.

**3. Church Member:**

I think you will be surprised to find that you can save money from about-to-be-stored or discarded articles around the house. A New Jersey housewife moving to a small apartment was going to junk her dining-room set when she was told of the tax angle. She contributed the set to her church bazaar, and had a deduction that saved her \$87.

**4. Widow:**

Mrs. A. S. continued to receive her husband's salary for 18 months after his death, in appreciation of loyal services. She assumed that these payments were taxable. She was wrong. The entire amount was free from tax. She saved \$276.

**5. Wedding Gift:**

When A. J., Jr., was married in 1933, his father gave him a one-family house as a wedding gift. The father had bought the house for \$15,000 in 1928. During the Depression, he tried to sell the house,

but was offered only \$3,000. He decided that he would rather give it to his son.

When A. J., Jr., bought a larger home, he sold the old place for \$15,000. He knew something about taxes and expected to pay a capital-gains tax. Actually, he did not—and thus saved \$1,690.

**6. Property Owner:**

I know an old widower whose entire life savings had been invested in a small apartment house. Recently, the city took over his building and demolished it in order to erect a housing project. He was given a cash award and made a profit of \$10,000. Then he reinvested all the proceeds in a similar apartment house.

He was prepared to pay a tax on the \$10,000. But the law does not require a tax when profits realized from a condemnation of property, or the reimbursement by an insurance company on real estate lost through fire, storm, hurricane, etc., are invested in similar property. Learning this, my old friend saved himself \$1,221.

**7. Youngster Working after School:**

The tax law seems to hold a special premium for the ambitious boy who works after school. Johnny G. helped the corner druggist and earned about \$10 a week, of which he contributed \$5 to the family budget. Last December, while his father was extolling Johnny's virtues, he was interrupted by a tax-conscious friend, who showed Mr. G. how he could save \$85 net in taxes. Johnny's total earnings for the year, at that time, were \$485. If he made \$500, Mr. G. would be

## Keep This Handy!

Here is a little table that should be pasted in the hat of every taxpayer in America. It will make you tax-conscious—make you realize that you can increase your earning capacity by translating tax savings into spendable income.

For every \$1 of taxed net income over	You pay a tax of	
	(If single)	(If married)
\$ 2,000.....	\$.19	\$.16
4,000.....	.23	.19
6,000.....	.26	.19
8,000.....	.30	.23
10,000.....	.33	.23
16,000.....	.44	.30
22,000.....	.52	.33
32,000.....	.57	.44

deprived of a dependent-exemption. So Johnny quit work and lost \$15 in wages—but Mr. G. saved \$100.

**8. Worker Getting Board or Lodging:** Hotel and apartment employees, domestic servants, farm laborers, hospital workers, seamen, and many others are required to accept board or lodging or both in order to perform their duties properly. Mr. J., superintendent of an apartment house, was required to live on the premises. The landlord paid him \$185 a month and charged him \$40 for the apartment he occupied. Mr. J. thought he would have to include in his taxed income all he received from his employer. But he was able to exclude the \$480 he paid for rent, and saved \$71.

**9. Little Businessman:** I know a really small businessman who operates a newsstand at a subway entrance in New York City. He paid a boy \$8 a week to deliver

papers. Last year, his high-school daughter volunteered to take over the route. He paid her the same \$8 a week, and discontinued her weekly allowance. He was surprised to learn that he could continue to deduct the full wage he paid her. That saved him \$65.

**10. Spare-time Worker:** L. T. is a radio "ham" who spends his spare time testing new devices. Some time ago, a friend had an idea to improve an intricate radio part. L. T. enthusiastically offered to help in developing the idea. His friend promised to pay L. T. 20 per cent of whatever he received for the finished product. After three years, they produced a patented article. The friend sold it and L. T. got \$12,000 for his spare-time assistance. Then he learned that the tax law permits spreading lump-sum income over the period of work. This gave his 1948 income a boost of \$516.

**11.** *Teacher:* Miss R. is a middle-aged schoolteacher. After each seven years of continuous teaching, she is entitled to a sabbatical leave with full pay. For her sabbatical leave in 1947, she elected to travel. She never anticipated that her traveling and living expenses could be deducted on her tax return. But they could be, and the deduction eliminated a tax of \$253.

**12.** *Retired person:* Sometimes, changing the form of what you are doing can save taxes. Mr. B., a retired widower, had an annual income from investments of about \$8,000. He also owned a loft building which netted him about \$4,500 a year. Mr. B. had one prime interest in life, his ex-GI son who was in college. Mr. B. had drawn a will leaving all his property to his son. Then he discovered that he could increase the family income by legally transferring the loft building to his son. Mr. B. lost a dependency credit, but the income of both was increased by \$452 a year.

**13.** *Traveler:* R. S. had been in South America for four years as an employee of one of the large oil companies. Last year, he returned to the U. S., intending to take it easy on the vacation pay he had accumulated in South America. R. S.

expected to pay an income tax on these accumulations. He did not have to pay a tax for his salary while away, but was under the impression that the exclusion terminated when he returned. It did not, and he saved \$530.

**14.** *Store Manager:* I know the manager of a grocery in a Midwestern town, whose shop was part of a state-wide chain. Each week, he attended a managers' meeting about 50 miles away, returning the same day. He was told that he could deduct these traveling expenses only if he itemized them on his tax returns. To be allowed these costs otherwise, he would have to be away from home overnight.

He decided it was cheaper for him to take the 10 per cent allowance given all taxpayers, so he filed the simplified form and took the standard deduction. His tax adviser insisted that he could deduct his traveling costs, too. He was permitted to do just this, and saved \$52 in taxes.

Now that you have read the foregoing 14 cases, study them to see if any of the information applies to you. There is no reason why you should hesitate in claiming a *legitimate* deduction. From a dollars-and-cents point of view, a little study and application on your part before filling out a 1949 tax return can pay off in useful dividends.

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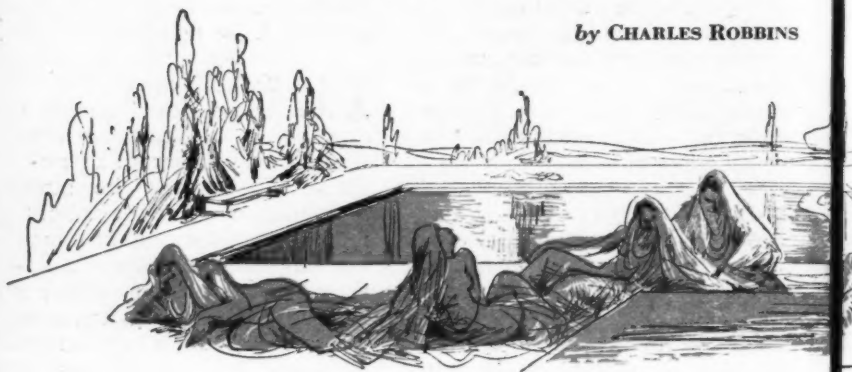
### Setback

Asking a woman her age is like buying a second-hand car. The speedometer's been set back, but you can't tell how far.

—Benefit News

# THE PEARL OF ASIA: JEWEL OF FATE

by CHARLES ROBBINS



Violence, theft and dark intrigue have marked the fantastic history of one of the most magnificent gems in the world

**D**ID YOU EVER SEE a pearl the size of a pear? Incredible as it may seem, there really is one—The Pearl of Asia—biggest pearl of its kind in the world. Three inches long, nearly two inches across at the base, it weighs, complete with mounting, about a third of a pound.

This monstrous jewel has been owned in France since 1918 by the Catholic Board of Foreign Missions. It has proved, however, to be an embarrassing possession. For one thing, it attracts trouble. Also, since it is too large for practical use, the Missionaries, who bought it in China as an investment, have been unable to realize anything on it—anything, that is, but grief.

Right now it rests uneasily at

Mission headquarters in Paris. It is for sale. So, if you are properly accredited, or happen to have a spare \$71,429 (the current asking price), you may obtain permission to examine it.

Monsieur Michelet, a melancholy little man who is secretary to Father Robert, Superior of Foreign Missions, will gratify your curiosity. Going to a safe, he takes out a silver box. Inside is a leather-and-velvet case; inside that, a gold box; and inside the gold box, a piece of blue silk. Then, reposing on the silk—

“Ah! . . .”

The Pearl of Asia has the bulbous, deformed look of a pear, but its satiny sheen—a pure, lustrous white—and its exquisite Chinese mounting almost cancel the appearance of deformity.

India's great ruler, Shah Jahan, once owned this fabulous gem of

ILLUSTRATED BY  
GUSTAV REHBERGER



satiny sheen. The Shah gave it to his adored wife, Mumtaz Mahal, for whom he also built the Taj Mahal. Few women have ever been honored with tributes so overwhelming—the world's biggest pearl and the world's most beautiful building.

Monsieur Michelet views the jewel with mixed feelings. During the Nazi occupation of France, the Board, with 37 missions scattered over Japan, China, Indo-China and India, was on the verge of financial collapse. Now, Father Robert had instructed him to sell the pearl, their only treasure, after which perhaps they could transfer the money to their ailing brothers in the Far East. But he overlooked the fact that, under the Nazis, the chance of bringing off an orderly business transaction was rather slim. Michelet contacted several Parisian jewelers. But before they

could do anything, a Nazi officer called on the secretary. "You should have consulted us first," he explained. "An important personage is interested in your trinket. But your price is too high!"

"Umm," said Michelet, who privately thought that the asking price of \$250,000 was far too low.

"Hold yourself in readiness," the officer snapped. "You will hear from us again!"

THE NEXT FEW MONTHS, Michelet lived in a state of recurrent alarm, for he had learned that the "important personage" was none other than Reichsmarshal Goering, the notable art fancier. Yet, when no further word came from the Nazis, the idea of selling the jewel once more began to plague him. This time, however, he would act through an agent.

Gustave Musseau, a legal adviser

to the Missions, was widely acquainted and a model of discretion. So Michelet commissioned him to find a market for the pearl. A week later, Musseau reported that he had spoken to an elegant young engineer named Piat, who had passed the word along to a Monsieur Bonfanti, wealthy manufacturer from the north of France. Bonfanti, it appeared, was the perfect buyer.

Michelet arrived at Musseau's apartment with the jewel and displayed it to the dazzled eyes of Piat and the supposed prospect. Suddenly, there was a pounding on the door. Four men in black SS uniforms pushed their way in.

Proclaiming themselves police, they denounced Piat and Bonfanti as robbers and gave Michelet a dressing down for presuming to think of selling his jewel without first obtaining official permission. Then they appropriated not only the pearl, but also 15,000 francs and other valuables which happened to be adorning the persons of Michelet and Musseau.

"If you have any complaints, make them day after tomorrow at the Kommandantur in the Place de l'Opéra!" the SS men said. And they marched out, taking Piat and Bonfanti with them.

At the Kommandantur, Michelet and Musseau were greeted with blank stares. Police? A raid? A pearl? It was obvious that the simple Frenchmen had been duped. If they wished, they could file a complaint.

The Frenchmen agreed that they had been duped, all right. But by whom? Had the "policemen" been robbers, acting in their own be-

half? Or (as had happened more than once in the Paris of those troubled days) had they been fronting for the Nazis? Had Goering, laying aside his other pre-occupations, taken this means of evading a price which he had thought too high?

Michelet and Musseau filed their complaints with the Germans and also with the French police. Then they alerted all Paris jewelers and publicized the theft prominently in the newspapers.

A few weeks later, Father Robert received a phone call from a man who announced he would let him know how the pearl could be recovered and then quickly rang off. Some days afterward, another mysterious telephone voice offered to return the jewel for the trifling sum of 2,000,000 francs.

Following this second call, the French police stumbled on Piat and arrested him. On information supplied by him, Yvon Colette, a Belgian of questionable repute, Colette's wife and Joseph Clopf, a Luxembourgian chauffeur, were picked up by police in the near-by town of Chartres.

Michelet and his agent formally recognized the elegant Piat, and identified Colette and Clopf as two of the false policemen. Colette confessed to stealing the pearl but insisted that he had no idea what had become of it. His wife, blonde and alluring, hinted that she might be able to find it if she were released. Ignoring the hint, the police clapped the quartet in jail.

But before anything could be done about them, Paris was liberated and some of the prisoners, under cover of the excitement,

managed to liberate themselves. The Colettes drifted to Marseille, where the husband was arrested for selling foreign currency on the black market. Police searched his hotel room, while Mme. Colette cowered in a corner. Millions in Belgian francs were found in a mattress—but no pearl.

Two days later the hotel proprietor received a complaint from the tenant who had moved into the Colettes' old quarters. The plumbing didn't work. A repairman came—and got the surprise of his life.

"I found this jammed in the pipe," he said, holding up the glistening jewel.

Mme. Colette had tossed it away when the police came in. Before that, as she admitted later, it had been hidden in a tree near her home in Maillebois.

The Colettes and Clopf were tried in Paris. Piat was judged in-

sane and committed to an asylum. Colette was sentenced to ten years in prison, Clopf to five, and Mme. Colette to two.

When the famous pearl was introduced in evidence, lawyers, attendants and spectators rushed in a body to "Oh!" and "Ah!" at its 605 glowing carats. The scene probably was reminiscent of the one that must have taken place when an anonymous pearl diver emerged from the waters of the Persian Gulf one day in 1628 and, surrounded by his fellows, pried open the mollusk whose labor had produced what was later to become known as the Pearl of Asia.

Today, however, Father Robert and M. Michelet have almost stopped considering the pearl a marketable property or, for that matter, a jewel at all. Instead, they have begun to think of it as an ill-fated White Elephant.

## Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

### *What's Your Lucky Number?*

(Quiz on page 83)

1. 46; 2. 20; 3. 9; 4. 360; 5. 5 (Federal Reserve Notes and Bank Notes, National Bank Notes, Silver Certificates and U. S. Notes); 6. 3; 7. 300; 8. 59; 9. 5 (New Year, Washington's Birthday, July 4, Armistice Day, Christmas); 10. 28 (Not a leap year); 11. 52; 12. 96; 13. 60; 14. 2240; 15. 9; 16. 4; 17. 6; 18. 8; 19. 500; 20. 100.

### *Those Pesky Pronouns!*

(Quiz on page 113)

1. He; 2. Her; 3. Me; 4. Me; 5. Us; 6. They; 7. We; 8. Me; 9. Me; 10. Me; 11. They; 12. Us; 13. Who; 14. Who; 15. Whoever.



# Manager of Men

by DAVID GUY POWERS

You must earn the devotion of those under you, as this true story illustrates

**W**HEN THINGS GO WRONG, why not take your share of the blame instead of blowing off steam? A moment's consideration may reveal that you are partly responsible.

During the early part of the war, Lord Louis Mountbatten, cousin of King George VI, commanded *H. M. S. Kelly*. In December, 1939, the destroyer entered one of the

first German moored mine fields off the mouth of the River Tyne. Suddenly, everyone on board could feel a mine bumping under the bridge, then under the engine room, then under the wardroom, and finally explode as it hit the propellers. One engine-room stoker ran up the ladder to deck, deserting his post in the moment of danger.

From *Live a New Life* by David Guy Powers. Copyright 1948 by the author and published by Doubleday and Company, Inc. New York 20, N. Y.

On returning to harbor, Mountbatten had the defaulter brought before him. "Do you know the penalty for deserting your post in the face of the enemy?" he asked.

The trembling young man replied, "Yes, sir—it is death."

"Quite right," replied Mountbatten. "But I will stand this case over and deal with it later."

Later the same day, he cleared "lower deck" and addressed the assembled ship's company:

"Today we have been through one of the most trying experiences which can befall a newly commissioned ship in war. We have had to endure the suspense of feeling a mine bumping along the bottom, waiting every moment for it to explode. Fortunately, it was not a very good mine, and did not go off until it reached the propellers.

"Out of 260 men on board this ship, 259 behaved as I expected them to behave. But one was unable to control himself and deserted his post and incidentally his comrades in the engine room. I had him brought before me a couple of

hours ago, and he himself informed me that he knew the punishment for desertion of his post was death.

"Instead, I propose to let him off with a caution: one caution to him, and a second one to myself for having failed to impress on each and all of you the extreme importance of preventing such an incident. From now on I wish to make it clear that I expect everyone to behave in the way the 259 did, and to stick to his post to the last."

In the hard fighting that followed, the *Kelly* went through hell on the high seas. She was torpedoed; and finally, in the Battle of Crete in May, 1941, the heroic ship went down. But not once in those fearful engagements did a single man desert his post. Many of her crew died rather than abandon what had become their sacred duty.

Mountbatten had followed an ancient rule: "To manage men, one must have an iron fist in a velvet glove." It is not the fist that wins a man's devotion—it is the knowing when to don the velvet glove that makes a great leader of men.

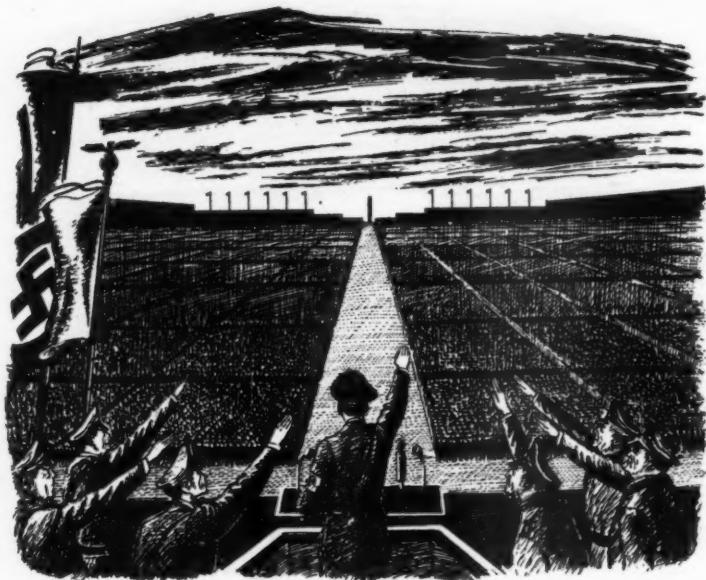


### In the Heart of a Cloud

IF I WERE TO CHOOSE the sights, the sounds, the fragrances I most would want to see and hear and smell—among all the delights of the open world—on a final day on earth, I think I would choose these: the clear, ethereal song of a white-throated sparrow singing at dawn; the smell of pine trees in

the heat of noon; the lonely calling of Canada geese; the sight of a dragonfly glinting in the sunshine; the voice of a hermit thrush far in a darkening woods at evening; and—most spiritual and moving of sights—the white cathedral of a cumulus cloud floating serenely in the blue of the sky.

—EDWIN WAY TEALE, *The Lost Woods*, (DODD, MEAD)



## Why We Behave Like Inhuman Beings

by EDWARD L. BERNAYS

This thought-provoking article should be read by every man and woman in America

ONCE UPON A TIME—long, long ago in the fabulous 1920s—the future looked boundlessly bright and every American was going to win a prize in the national sweepstakes of plenty. Prosperous, self-confident and hilariously optimistic, the United States was drinking bootleg liquor; dancing the Black Bottom; cheering a young man named Lindbergh who had just flown the Atlantic; laughing at the satires of Sinclair Lewis and the antics of a new cartoon character, Mickey Mouse.

The old dream of rags to riches, log cabin to White House, was still going strong. All you had to do was work hard, marry the boss' daughter, and live happily ever after in a land which had never heard of a housing shortage. And from Washington, D. C., there emerged on history's horizon the shining promise of the Kellogg Pact, signed by the many nations which solemnly agreed to outlaw war and establish permanent world peace.

In this happy age, men appeared to be quite human. Then, in the

fall of 1929, the beautiful dream did a Humpty Dumpty—and we awoke with a violent shock.

World War I had opened an epoch without precedent in history. Now, humanity has been rent asunder by uninterrupted conflict for more than three decades. World-wide war, revolution and counter-revolution have accompanied global depressions, national uprisings, class conflicts, conspiracies, Putsches, underground resistance movements, civil war, dictatorship, fifth columns, show trials, assassinations, suicides, executions and colonial revolts. Old empires have been destroyed; new nations have been created; republics have sprung up only to vanish under the boots of invading armies or totalitarian regimes.

In the midst of this volcanic eruption of change, men have abandoned the religious and ethical conventions of 40 centuries and have hounded each other to the grave with frightening ferocity. Large sections of the world have made "man's inhumanity to man" their fanatical creed, and deliberately employed the most bloodthirsty, paranoid cruelty to impose their will upon whole populations.

For all its advanced democratic way of life, America has not wholly escaped the nightmare upheavals of this century. We have known depression, war, strikes, lynching, race riots, religious and racial bigotry, juvenile delinquency, increased divorce rates. And there has been an alarming rise in mental illness—the last desperate refuge of the acutely maladjusted from the horrors of an age which opened with a pistol shot at Sarajevo and ended its first act with the atom bomb at Hiroshima.

In the dawn of the modern world, Shakespeare could exclaim: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!" Today we are less impressed by man's angelic and divine qualities. Rather, we are overwhelmed by the discovery that millions of people can so easily succumb to mechanized head-hunting and cannibalism. And so the current \$64 question is not why we behave like human beings, but why we behave like inhuman beings.

THE PIONEER DISCOVERIES of 19th-century science encouraged the belief that man's unbroken progress and freedom lay wholly in mastering the physical world. Every accelerating invention seemed to guarantee not only universal well-being, but universal peace. Today, the material conquest of nature is at its peak. Yet the world is aflame with conflict made all the more devastating by the inventions of science.

This has altered the emphasis of science itself. Now the physical scientists emphasize man, about whom we know so little, rather than nature, which we have mastered so well that it may destroy us unless we learn to master ourselves.

At the 1948 convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Dr. Edmund W. Sinnott of Yale University said: "Man, not nature, is the great problem today. These vast new powers in the hands of selfish or arrogant men simply increase their power to dominate their fellows."

The key problem of the 20th

century is one of human relations. The triumphs of physics, chemistry and biology are taken for granted. But if we want to know why, in the midst of these triumphs, we continue to behave like inhuman beings and how, in spite of everything, we can learn to behave like human beings, we must turn to the new sciences which began their real development only in the past 30 years—anthropology, psychiatry, psychoanalysis, and sociology.

One of the reasons why we behave like inhuman beings is that so many people throughout the world are frustrated in their basic needs and desires. Severe frustration rouses fear, and fear rouses a desire for revenge. Above all, frustrations, in a world raging with conflict, stimulate the aggressive impulses which a satisfying civilization turns into constructive channels.

Family and social life are impossible unless men curb their primitive sex and aggressive instincts. Even most primitive societies prohibit incest, robbery and murder. When these prohibitions break down, we get anarchy. When they

are abandoned by a despotic ruling elite, we get a totalitarian state with the law of the jungle imposed on a helpless slave population.

On the other hand, when the repression of primitive impulses is carried too far, we get first hypocrisy, then widespread frustration and neurosis. Modern science is looking for the factors in man which can make for balanced individuals and a balanced society which recognizes the force of man's primitive impulses and converts them into a source of creative power.

More and more the modern psychiatrist tends to relate the contemporary crisis to our early childhood experience in the family and society. When we come into the world as children, our impulses are those of primitive creatures struggling for survival in the primitive animal world. All education and training—in home, school and church—is directed toward curbing the primitive impulses, especially those of aggression, and redirecting them to social ends.

But our parents are not always aware that if their attempts to civilize us are indifferent, ignorant, or brutal, if they fail to take into account the particular needs of our developing personality, we may become frustrated. Creative redirection of the child's primitive impulses is one thing; the suppression which comes from lack of love and understanding is quite another thing. If we are brought up as inhuman beings, we are likely to become inhuman beings.

It is not only in the family, however, that aggression can be encouraged by aggressive upbringing. Society is that larger family which

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Sometimes called "U. S. Publicist No. 1," Edward L. Bernays was instrumental in creating and naming the lively profession of public relations. Since 1919, corporations, trade unions, universities, theatrical stars, even Presidents, have consulted him on how to put their best foot forward, publicity-wise. He has unveiled the workings of his business in books and magazine articles, has expounded them from public platforms. In turn, he has been much lectured and written about. A Pulitzer Prize biographer once referred to him as "a master of mass psychology," who creates "a demand by molding the public mind."

brings all of us up. The child who is humiliated on account of poverty, race, religion or looks may harbor feelings of vengeance which, in a violent age like ours, are likely to find aggressive outlets.

Science is giving a great deal of thought to the fact that so many of our modern political sadists are psychological cripples devoured by hate and resentment which goes back to early childhood. Frustration, defeat, suffering, insecurity, and the sense of being one of the insulted and injured, are dangerous things in times of economic, political and military insecurity.

ANOTHER REASON why we behave like inhuman beings is sociological. We live in a highly competitive society. Our behavior in this society is predicated on jungle rules of survival.

As civilization, morality and ethics developed in the course of history, men drew up rules of the game which tend to make us behave more like human beings. But modern competitive society is still so relatively new that these rules are not as well defined as they ought to be, and we do not adhere to them as much as we might.

It is true, as many of our wisest social scientists point out, that environment is a far more powerful factor in shaping our behavior than heredity. Our folkways are the everyday incidents of our environment which pattern our thoughts and actions. Some individuals absorb these patterns more quickly and easily than others. Some have little or no capacity to absorb them. These regress easily to the primitive folkways of the jungle which are

## The Russian Problem

IN THIS ARTICLE, Edward Bernays interprets the problems which lie at the source of current world troubles and which may finally lead to the attempted destruction of our Western civilization. Today, we are inclined to forget that the same causes—insecurity, environment, intolerance, lack of moral standards—that make an individual antisocial can produce the same dangerous results in a whole nation. Seen in this light, the Russian problem becomes a problem of human beings. The Soviet Union is a sick nation. Her sickness may develop into maniacal aggression—unless the healthy nations resolve to contain the U.S.S.R. by a firm show of strength. Ultimately, however, the return of Russia to the standards of sane, safe and civilized living can only be achieved by regenerative powers working within the hearts and minds of the Soviet people.

part of our unconscious heritage.

One factor in our environment which makes this regression possible is that of the two billion inhabitants of the world, 60 per cent are still illiterate. Unequipped to absorb the gains of civilization, they are responsive not to the wisdom of the ages, but to words, pictures and actions as these would be interpreted by primitive man. They are easy prey for distortion and superstition.

To be sure, we have in this country a system of public education which should educate men to be free citizens in a free democracy. But there is a great gap between

this ideal and the reality around us. The National Education Association and similar groups have shown that many states, cities, counties and villages lack the physical equipment, the properly trained teachers, and the basic ideas to fit the child for life today and tomorrow.

To climax this serious lag, our educational system does not carry into the schoolroom all that the social sciences have discovered about human nature and conduct. Children are still taught antiquated ideas by antiquated methods. When the adolescent leaves school, he is often ill-prepared to meet the complex problems of modern life.

This may give him a sense of psychological insecurity. He may feel let down and resentful because those in charge of his education dropped him into the seething contemporary world unequipped to meet it. If he meets defeat and frustration in his struggle for security or success, he becomes the perfect sucker for the paranoid demagogue with his unscrupulous promises of revenge, conquest and plunder.

All the factors which make us behave like inhuman beings are augmented by the great paradox of

the 20th century. We have made fabulous progress in technology without comparable progress in ability to handle human relations. We can make the atom bomb, but do not know how to control it socially so that it does not annihilate most of mankind. And though we know perfectly well how fatal another armed conflict may be for the whole of civilization, there has never been so much talk of war as now, only a few years after two wars to end all war.

That is why all the sciences today, from psychoanalysis to physics, are concerned with the problem of why we behave like inhuman beings. With the modern equipment of experiment and method, the sciences are seeking to solve the problem of inhuman behavior through greater and greater knowledge of man and the world in which he lives. The key to liberation from our jungle heritage of force and fraud lies in accelerated self-understanding.

The truth shall indeed make us free when we learn, with the same control we exercise over physical nature, that it must now be the truth about ourselves.

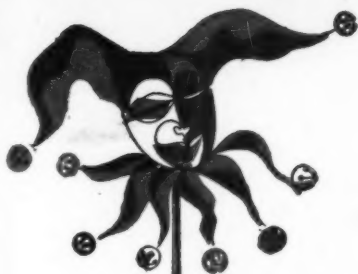
### Try and Stop Me



THE FORD TIMES ran a Cal Dunn cartoon recently that had male readers crying into their hot toddies. It showed a weary husband who had just dug a 50-yard path through a six-foot snowdrift from his garage to the road.

As he is about to open the garage door with an air of triumph, his dear little wife calls out from the kitchen, "Oh, I forgot to tell you, dear, I took the car over to mother's yesterday before the storm started."

—BENNETT CERF



## OUR HUMAN COMEDY

AFTER RESCUING a fellow townsman from his burning home, a Moffat, Ontario, grocer declared modestly: "Anyone would have done the same thing. He was a very good customer."

—DICK FRANKFORT

A SMALL-TIME SALESMAN treated himself to a ride from Boston to New York on the Merchants Limited. Thrilled by the train's luxuries, he finally gravitated to the club car where a group of Wall Street Midases were discussing business.

"A bad week," he heard one capitalist complain. "We netted only \$130,000."

"It was a little better for us," said another. "Wheat was hot and we cleared \$250,000."

Man after man told of such profits. Suddenly all eyes centered on the little salesman and someone asked, "How's your business?"

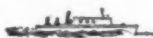
"So-so," he shrugged. "Last week

yellow were off half a million but reds were up a million and blacks up four million."

Eyebrows were raised in wonder. Then one Midas respectfully asked, "What's your business?"

"Me?" he sighed. "I sell jelly beans."

—International Teamster



SOMEWHAT OVERDRESSED, the woman stepped confidently into the launch tied up at the boat landing and inquired of a man reading his newspaper, "Is this boat going to the Island?"

"I believe so, madam."

Ten minutes, twenty minutes passed and nothing happened, while the woman kept looking impatiently at her watch. Finally the captain came aboard, the launch got under way and the run to the Island was made in short order.

"I don't like the way you keep your schedule. You've made me late for my appointment," the woman said, holding out her fare.

"That's really too bad, madam," the captain replied.

"And I don't like your attitude, either. I shall report you to the management."

"That's entirely unnecessary, madam, and there is no charge. This is a private boat, and I am the owner."

—BOOTHBAY (M.E.) Register



IN PREPARATION FOR the observance of Washington's Birthday, the schoolteacher was relating to her class the countless virtues of the Father of Our Country, among which she listed his bravery, re-

sourcefulness, honesty, sincerity, perseverance and kindness.

"And now, children," she said, "What high position do you think such a man would be made for?"

"I think, teacher," said little Marjorie, "that he would make a very nice husband."—*Christian Science Monitor*



A COLLEGE STUDENT, forced to sell his ancient jalopy, stood at the classified-ad counter of the local daily trying to compose an advertisement worthy of his prize.

After listing the price and cataloguing a number of its outstanding features, he hesitated a moment, then added: "Runs like mad!"

—*Wall Street Journal*



THE YOUNG COUPLE sat together on a park bench. After a long pause, she asked dreamily, "Joe, do you think my eyes are like stars?"

"Yeah," he replied.

"And do you think my teeth are like pearls?" she continued.

"Yeah," he said.

"And do you think my hair is like spun gold in the moonlight?" she persisted.

"Yeah," he repeated.

"Oh, Joe!" she exclaimed. "You say the most wonderful things!"

—*Gluey Gleanings*



"JUDGE, SO HELP ME, I wasn't going 60 miles an hour like the officer says. I wasn't going 30 miles an hour. I wasn't even . . ."

"Stop!" said the judge. "We'd

better close this case before you start backing up and hurt somebody. Ten dollars."—*Illinois Wesleyan Argus*



THERE WAS ONCE a remarkably considerate boy who was a great angler. A trout stream in his neighborhood ran through a rich man's estate. Permits to fish the stream could occasionally be obtained and the boy was lucky enough to have such a permit.

One day he was fishing with another boy when a gamekeeper suddenly darted from a thicket. The lad with the permit dropped his rod and ran off at top speed, the gamekeeper in pursuit.

After about a half mile, worn out, the boy halted. The man seized him by the arm and demanded: "Have you a permit to fish on this estate?"

"Yes," said the boy quietly.

"Show it to me."

The boy drew the permit from his pocket and the man examined it.

"Why did you run when you had this permit?" he asked angrily.

"To let the other boy get away," was the youngster's reply. "He didn't have none."

—*LEERWIN B. WILLIAMS*



LITTLE BOBBY RAN to his mother sobbing as though his heart would break.

"What's the matter, Bobby?" she asked.

"Daddy was hanging up a picture and he dropped it on his toe."

"Why, that's nothing to cry about; you should laugh at that."

"I did," sobbed Bobby.

—*Times-Picayune Magazine*

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## The Face of New England

NEW ENGLAND was built on character. It is reflected in the craggy mountains and in the set jaws of a rocky coast. You find it

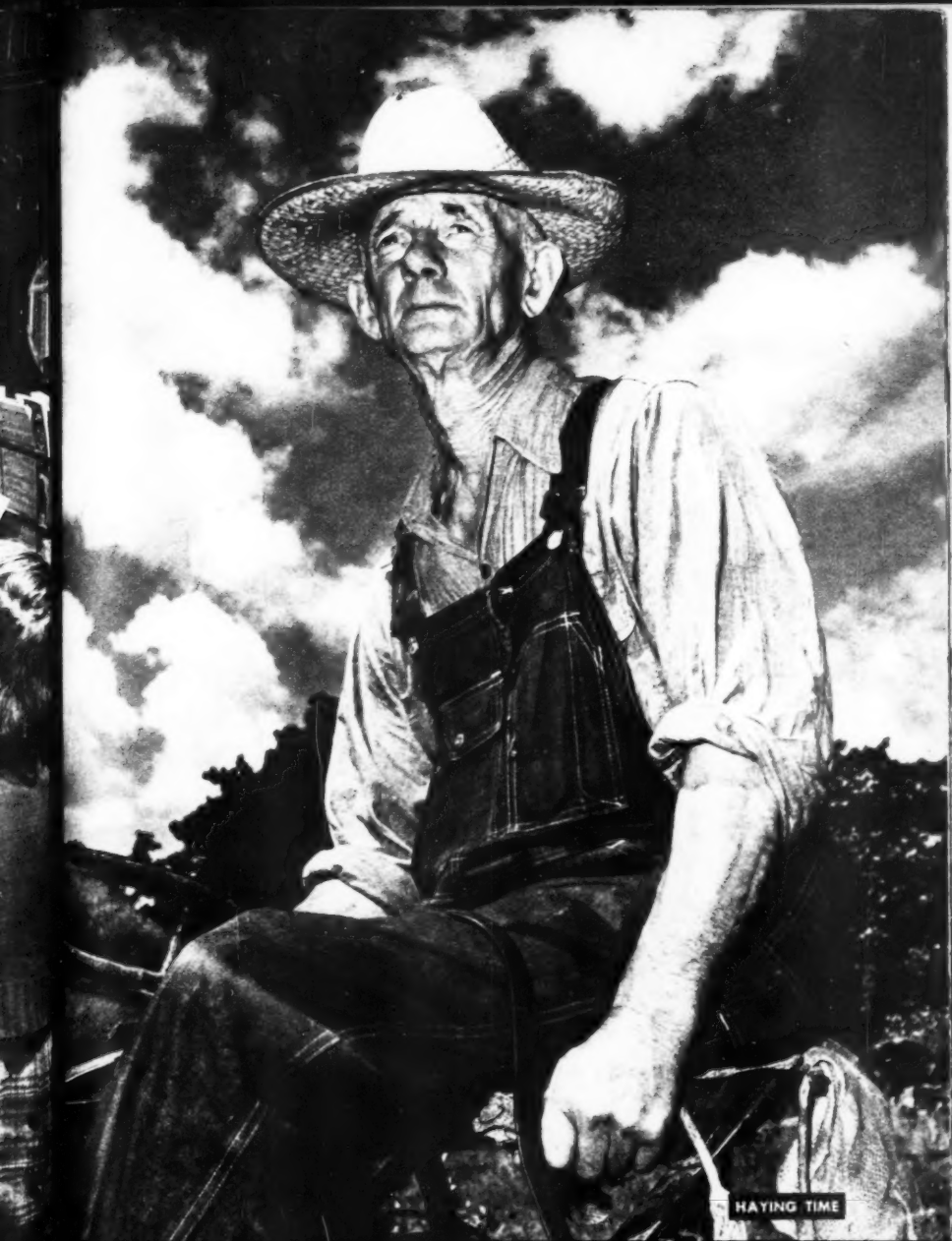
wherever you look in this, the oldest part of America. But above all, you see it in the faces of New England people—stern and strong.

Photographs by Kosti Ruohomaa



SCHOOLHOUSE ON THE HILL

There's stability in a New England schoolhouse, a feel of permanence and belonging. There's fun to be had, and learning in the common-sense traditions of men like Daniel Webster and Ben Franklin.



The men of New England have a feel for the soil. They don't abuse it, and they don't let it lie idle. With patience and indomitable strength, they coax yields that richer farms might envy.



FISHERMAN

The front door of New England opens on the sea. And today, rock-solid men still carry on the hardy traditions of an era when New England clippers and whalers spread her fame throughout the world.



NEW ENGLAND OLDSTERS

Down East, a man stays young. New Englanders are too busy, too full of energy and plans for tomorrow, to dream about retiring. Here, trousers have a habit of being patched at the knees.



PAPER-READING TIME

Independence is as Yankee as cod and baked beans. Any honest man will tell you wryly that money doesn't grow on trees up his way, but with hard work, thrift and common sense, no man need want.



NEW ENGLAND PARLOR

Abe Lincoln wasn't born there, but the Northeastern states have a lot of respect for the principles he stood for, fought for, and died for. And they're proud to hang his picture in the formal parlor.



WOODSMAN

New Englanders seldom envy big-city dwellers. A skyscraper is no match for a clean sky, and an office job is a pale substitute for the rich satisfaction of a task well-done with your own two hands.

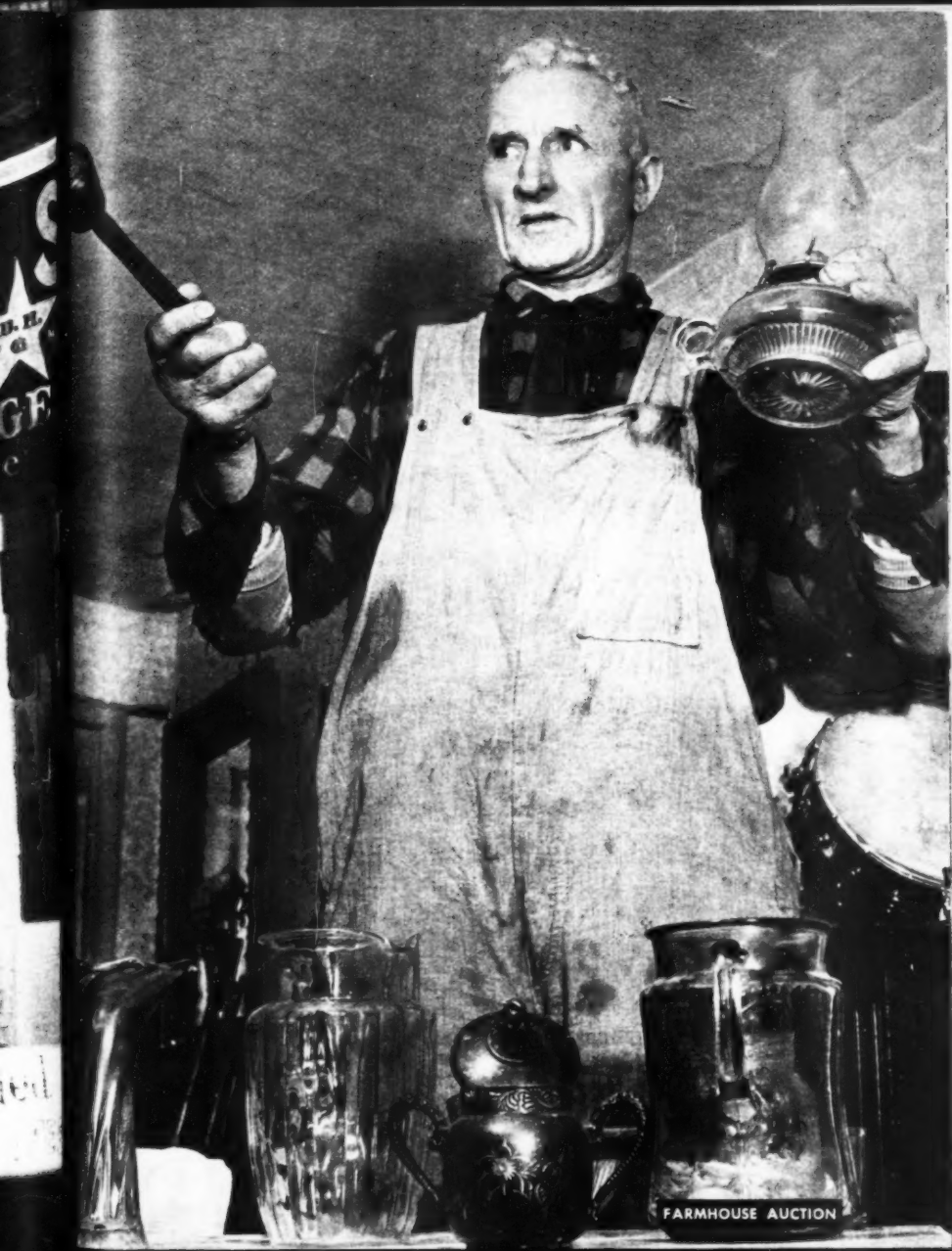


NEW ENGLAND SUNDAY

New Englanders cherish their spired churches and the men who speak the word of God. Here, religion is no Sunday pursuit; a minister's calendar tells a week-long story of faith and strength.



There's a flavor to New England stores. They smell of spices and leather and the rich aroma of fresh coffee. The storekeeper knows his neighbors, and when things are tight he carries them along.



Whatever a New Englander's calling, he performs his job with honesty, self-respect, and a deep sense of responsibility to those he serves. Here, you have to look your neighbor in the eye.



FARM KITCHEN

New England stoves seldom grow cold, and the kitchen is always redolent with the savory odors of pickling, canning and good apple pie for breakfast—or a cake for a church social.



COUNTRY DOCTOR

ays  
ple

He has no fancy office, but he is a wise counselor and a trusted friend. In the years of his practice, he will likely spank life into the grandchildren of patients he brought into the world.



TOWN CLERK

New Englanders like to think for themselves. The community's officers may make suggestions, but the Town Meeting, where every man has a voice, is where tough problems are cracked.



NEW ENGLAND HARVEST

There's a power in the faces of New England that comes from something deeper than hard work and wind and sun. It is part of the heritage of a plain people who thanked God for their first harvest.



This is the face of New England—proud, traditional, strong. Molded by the past and fired with a clear vision of the future, it is a firm rock against the running tides of a changing world.



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# The Magic Bullet



How the miraculous tricks of a sleight-of-hand artist helped suppress a revolt

by LOUIS WOLFE

**C**ALLED TO THE WAR MINISTRY in Paris on urgent business, Jean E. Robert-Houdin, the illustrious magician who had retired from the European stage, wondered what the French Army could possibly want of him. When he arrived, however, the Minister explained that a rebellion had broken out in Algeria and, though the Foreign Legion had it under control, it could flare up again and rage throughout all North Africa.

"This rebellion has been staged by Marabouts who are revered as saints by the natives," the worried Minister told the magician. "They claim to be emissaries of the Prophet Mohammed, sent to deliver Algeria from foreign oppression. To convince their fanatical followers of occult powers, they perform simple tricks of magic."

"I begin to understand," said Robert-Houdin.

"Exactly, Monsieur," said the Minister. "We want you to go to Algeria and show the natives that the Marabouts are frauds—that the French can perform not only the same tricks but much more wondrous ones. If you succeed, peace will return to Algeria. And you will have rendered a great service to your country."

"Monsieur Minister," said the magician who had retired after a long and notable career, "I am at your service!"

In September, 1856, Robert-Houdin arrived in the city of Algiers. Riding through the streets, he sensed a seething turbulence under the outwardly calm surface: the mixed white populace of Poles, Spaniards, Maltese, English, Amer-

icans and French cast glances of distrust and hatred as they rubbed shoulders with dark-skinned Moslem types

At the Hôtel d'Orient, Robert-Houdin talked with Colonel de Neveu, head of the political office. The Colonel explained that, from all parts of the colony, the sullen and rebellious sons of the desert had been ordered to Algiers to see the magician's demonstration. Camped on the hills outside the city, the luxuriously costumed tribesmen were being kept in a state of agitation by the Marabouts. Stern-faced chiefs, astride half-wild horses, defiantly shouted: "Down with the foreign devils."

On the day of the performance, a surly throng of tribesmen gathered at the elegant Algerian Theater. Colonel de Neveu, adhering to protocol, announced each *goum* or family ceremoniously and conducted them to their seats. Then the tribal chiefs, aloof and cloaked in bright mantles glistening with medals, were formally introduced. Other titled Arabs were assigned places of honor in the orchestra and dress circle. Marabouts deliberately sat themselves in different parts of the theater. Several interpreters were sprinkled among the tribesmen.

Just before the curtain parted, the prefects and other minor French officials solemnly filed into a box to the left of the stage. The Governor-Marshall and his family occupied the box of honor to the right. The lack of cordial greeting from the audience was ominous. Tight-jawed Algerians and grim Frenchmen stared at each other in tense silence. Outside, a cordon of

Legionnaires patrolled the street.

In his dressing room, Robert-Houdin, who had performed before the most distinguished audiences in Europe without a tremor, nervously paced the floor. This was no mere exhibition of magic; the French Government was relying on him to prevent a bloody rebellion.

As he walked on stage with wand in hand, a stony silence met him. Ignoring the hostile reception, he started a performance that was craftily planned first to entertain, then astound, and finally terrify his audience.

His opening tricks were simple: he pulled a cannon ball from a hat, then made sweetmeats flow from a cornucopia. Next he filled a large bowl with coffee, served it to the chiefs down front and refilled it apparently from nothingness. Desert-burnt faces relaxed. A murmur of approval rippled through the audience.

Now Robert-Houdin introduced the first of three tricks especially designed to accomplish his purpose. Placing a small metal box on the stage, he announced:

"Now I will show you I have powers greater than any other man. I will make the strongest man in this audience as weak as a child. Who will dare come to the stage?"

A few moments later, a tall muscular Arab youth stood by Robert-Houdin's side.

"Are you strong?" asked the magician.

"Yes, yes," said the eager youth.

"But you will not remain so," said the magician, "for I shall drain all your strength from you. Lift the box from the floor."

Smiling, the Arab bent down and

easily lifted the box. Setting it down, he asked scornfully, "Is that the way you make me weak?"

"Have patience, my son," answered Robert-Houdin, waving the wand over the youth's head. Then unobtrusively, he pulled a concealed switch that magnetized the box and solemnly pronounced: "Alas, you have only the strength of a child! Try to lift the box."

Confidently the youth bent down, but the box would not move. In vain he pulled and tugged. Gasping and flushed with anger, he rested while the audience shouted encouragement.

As he braced himself and grasped the handles again, Robert-Houdin pulled another switch, sending a powerful electric current through the box. The Arab's face twitched, his body writhed as he shrieked in agony. Then he collapsed.

Robert-Houdin released the button. Terror-stricken, the youth wobbled to his feet. Then he cried, "Allah! Allah!" and madly dashed from the theater.

The tribesmen put their heads together and growled, "*Shaitan! Shaitan!*" Robert-Houdin and Colonel de Neveu exchanged glances. The audience was charging the magician with the powers of the devil. His first trick had produced the desired effect. Now it was time for the second.

Robert-Houdin knew one of the Marabouts' secrets. To prove they were blessed with divine protection, they had worked the ancient trick in which a loaded pistol failed to hit the target when it was fired. Before the performance, Colonel de Neveu had warned Robert-Houdin that not only must he duplicate the

trick but must also perform one far more startling.

Now, speaking slowly, the Frenchman said: "I have a sacred talisman that protects me from all harm. Not even a bullet can reach my heart. I defy the best marksman in all Algeria to hit me."

A hawk-nosed Marabout jumped from his seat, climbed to the stage and shouted: "I will kill you!"

The audience shouted approvingly. When Robert-Houdin saw the Marabout, he understood his eagerness. Since the man knew the pistol trick, he had no doubt loaded the gun in such a manner that it would fire and kill.

"Take this pistol and examine it," said Robert-Houdin.

The Marabout examined the weapon, blew down the barrel, then said, "It is ready."

"Take this lead ball," said Robert-Houdin, "mark it with your dagger, then load the pistol."

The Marabout followed instructions and waited, a cruel smile on his face. Robert-Houdin then took an apple, placed it on the point of a dagger and held it before him. Standing only five yards from the Marabout, he said calmly:

"Take careful aim, my friend. Shoot straight for the heart!"

The Marabout pulled the trigger. The pistol roared. But Robert-Houdin was untouched! The bullet had lodged in the center of the apple. The magician triumphantly flaunted the marked bullet in the Marabout's face. The audience was dumfounded.

Now Robert-Houdin deliberately stalled for time as the chiefs and their tribesmen huddled in small groups and jabbered in amazement

about the invulnerable Frenchman. If a *Marabout* couldn't kill a Frenchman . . . ! Within a few minutes they were in a state of mild terror, the right frame of mind for the *coup de grace* to follow.

For his last trick, Robert-Houdin solemnly asked his audience to watch closely, since he was about to perform a miracle. He called for another volunteer, and a handsome Moor offered himself.

At the center of the stage, Robert-Houdin pointed to a slightly built table. He lifted it, turned it upside down to show that it was not connected with any other object. Then, with histrionic gestures, he waved his wand and mumbled incantations.

Next he asked the Moor to get up on the table. As the audience watched in openmouthed suspense, the magician covered the Moor with a large cloth cone. Immediately after, he ordered two stagehands to lift the cone and set it on the stage before the footlights. Then, waving his wand and repeating the mumbo jumbo, Robert-Houdin up-

set the cone. It was empty! The Moor had vanished!

Terrified by the "miracle," the audience broke into pandemonium. Even the *Marabouts* shrieked in terror. They jumped from their seats and drew daggers, ready for the unseen enemy that might make them vanish from the earth. The Governor-Marshal tried to quiet the uproar, but the audience had turned into a panicked mob.

Finally one chief bellowed a war cry and dashed for the exit, the others following close behind. But when they reached the door, they received another shock. There, standing before them, was the "vanished" Moor! They felt his arms and legs to see if he were real, then cried "Allah! Allah!" and fled in wild confusion.

On the steamer back to France, Robert-Houdin leaned against the rail and smiled with deep satisfaction. Like a loyal soldier, he had accomplished his mission. Algeria was peaceful again. Now he could return to a life of serene retirement at his home in Paris.

## Chivalry



## Rampant

**I**N A CROWDED SUBWAY TRAIN the other day, two attractive secretaries were practically overcome when a gentleman quickly rose and was followed immediately by his companion.

The bearing of the young ladies, as they seated themselves, became almost regal—for in these days such gallantry surpasses Raleigh's gesture to Queen Elizabeth. Whether his conscience troubled him or whether he was just a plain misogynist at heart, we don't know, but in a little while the first gentleman leaned over and remarked, "I don't think you girls will sit there very long—you're right over the heater and it's going full blast."

—*Woman's Day*



## FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY

CALIFORNIA SETTLERS of the gold-rush days were not all of the swashbuckling sort described in fiction. In a men's-furnishings store established in San Francisco in 1853, a prospective clerk was handed rules of the house before he could be trusted to do any selling over the counter:

*Store must be kept open from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M. the year around.*

*Store must be swept; counters, bases, shelves and showcases dusted. Lamps trimmed, filled, and chimneys cleaned; pens made; doors and windows opened; a pail of water, also a bucket of coal, brought in before breakfast.*

*Store must not be opened on the Sabbath unless necessary and then only a few minutes.*

*The employee who is in the habit of being shaved at the barber's, going to dances and other places of amusement, will give his employer reason to be suspicious of his integrity and honesty.*

*Each employee must not pay less than \$5 per year to the church and must attend Sunday school regularly.*

*Men employees are given one evening a week for courting, two if they go to prayer meeting.*

*After 14 hours of work in the store, the leisure time should be spent mostly in reading.*

—Christian Science Monitor



ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE

# TRIAL BY FIRE

by JOE LANSDELL

At the risk of his life, a veteran policeman prevented a major disaster

SOMEONE IN THE third-floor "peanut gallery" of the old Savannah Theater shouted, "Fire! Fire!" To veteran police officer Davis Lee Perry, just entering the lobby after a tour of traffic duty, the cry sounded like, "Fight! Fight!"

A fight in the semidarkness of the gallery, where movie patrons were crowded together on wooden benches, was something to be stopped at once, so Officer Perry

started up the narrow stairway.

Fortunately for a good many of the citizens of Savannah, Georgia, the gallery of the ancient movie house was only about half-full that evening of January 12, 1948. Fortunately, too, Officer Perry arrived at just that moment. In a routine performance of duty, he faced the greatest crisis of his life.

As he reached the final flight, half a dozen people came tramping



ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY MELTZOFF

down from above, flinging him against the wall. Looking up, he saw a struggling crush of bodies blocking the narrow entrance. Then he smelled smoke and realized the cause of their panic.

Some 75 terrified people were trying to funnel through the three-foot doorway, pulling and snatching at each other. Women screamed and were crushed into silence. Suddenly a husky six-footer wriggled free and hurtled downward. That loosed the others.

Perry grabbed the man as he plunged past. "Take it easy!" he shouted, his voice clear above the uproar. "You'll all get out all right. Take your time!"

The sound of his voice and the sight of his uniform were reassuring

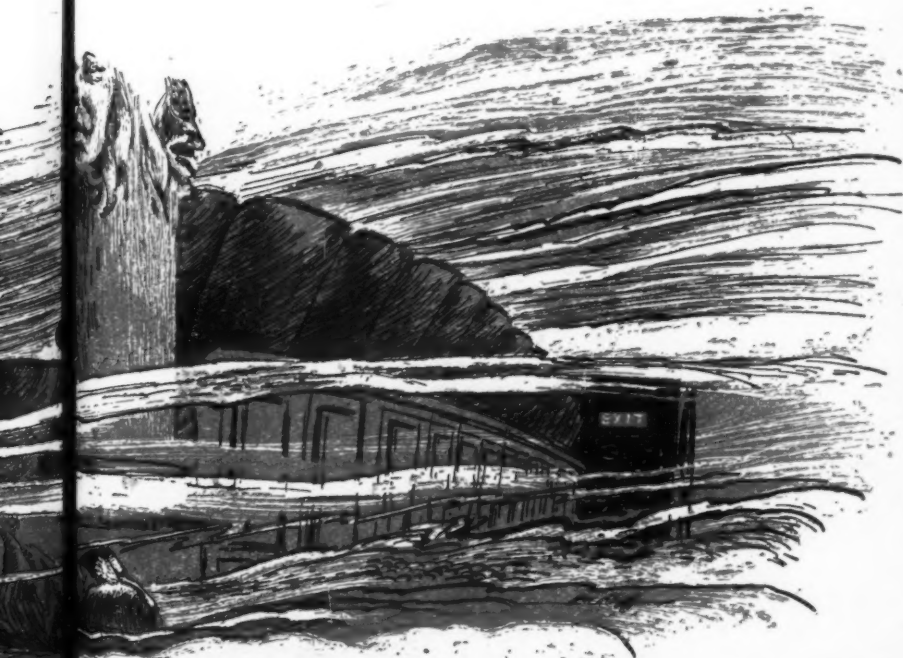
to the mob. Standing there solidly, he forced them into line and they slipped by quickly.

"Take it easy! Stop shoving and walk!" he shouted.

No longer was there the frantic mob of a moment ago. Perry was in full command. Two orderly files walked calmly past him until the last was gone.

Now, he realized, there was one thing more to do—see that no one was left inside—then get himself out of there. Already the place was oppressively hot.

A quick search assured him that all had reached safety—all, that is, but himself. For as he stood there in the empty gallery, the lights flicked out. In the sudden darkness, acrid smoke billowed over him



and wavering fingers of flame reached for the ceiling.

"Take it easy yourself, Perry," he muttered as he groped through the murk. Nausea fluttering in his stomach, he dropped to hands and knees. The heat had grown to furnace intensity.

"Take it easy . . ."

Turning, he crawled in the only direction he could go, flames creeping after him along the dry floor. Miraculously, he reached a window and raised the sash. Thick smoke rolled through the opening as Perry straddled the sill and let himself down until he balanced precariously on a six-inch ledge.

He clung there, weak with relief, waiting for rescue. But waves of unbearable heat followed the smoke through the open window.

Perry glanced over his shoulder at the sheer drop to the street. No—he tore his eyes away—not that. There was still a chance—if help came quickly.

"Easy, Perry . . . easy . . ."

Exploring tongues of flame licked over the sill, singeing his hands. "Help!" Perry cried. "Help!"

The wail of sirens and a clamor of bells converged to a point below him. But it was too late. He knew he would be badly hurt, but he prayed—for the sake of his family—that he would not be killed.

Below him an aerial ladder was being raised. A fireman reached the top and caught the exhausted policeman in his arms. Then, gently, he carried him to safety . . .

Later, when Perry had recovered, Police Chief James W. Rogers promoted him to corporal.

"This man's coolness saved Savannah from a major catastrophe," Rogers said with pride. "He did his duty like a good policeman."

"I don't know about that," said Perry with a grin. "But I do know that, as far as I'm concerned, I'm sure thankful the Fire Department saw its duty and did it, too!"



## Poles Apart

AT PRESS-CLUB DINNERS, the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt could be counted upon to be generous with his autograph, and at one such affair a newspaperman\* planned a joke on him. With the idea of tricking "that man" into signing an important document, he penciled a memo on a menu; the gist of the memo was an assignment of himself as United States Ambassador to the North Pole.

Presenting it, along with other menus, he watched the President autograph his way through the stack without noticeable pause. However, when his menu was returned to him, the prankster discovered that it was merely initialed and that the words "North Pole" had been scratched out and "South Pole" written in with this notation: "Regret post at North Pole already filled." —SYLVIA GREY



## Good-bye to Seasickness

by MADELYN WOOD

With a magic tablet, medicine has scored a major victory over an ancient ailment

THE DOCTOR NODDED sympathetically as the woman told her story. She had never been able to travel because riding in any kind of vehicle made her violently ill. She had been to many doctors, but there was nothing they could do. Still she was hopeful that there might be something that would at least allow her to ride comfortably in an automobile.

This doctor did not shake his head and say that medicine is helpless against motion sickness. Instead, he smilingly told her that all she had to do was take a little yellow

tablet just before she went on any kind of trip.

This good news was the climax to the amazing story of a new medical triumph. It began with an accident, and ended with one of the most unusual scientific experiments ever conducted—the strange voyage of the U.S.A.T. *General Ballou*.

Literally millions of people are affected by some form of motion sickness, which can be brought on by riding on anything from an ocean liner to an elevator. Any type of motion seems capable of inducing the nausea that medicine

attributes to a disturbance of the balancing mechanism, located in the inner ear. But of all forms of motion sickness, seasickness probably affects the most travelers.

Over the centuries, medicine tried hundreds of drugs. True, some of them worked, but sometimes they created worse symptoms than those they were supposed to correct. Efforts were intensified during World War II when millions of troops had to be transported overseas, but nothing really effective had turned up by war's end.

That might still be the case but for the accident that led to the discovery of a strange property in a drug now called Dramamine. Developed by the pharmaceutical house of G. D. Searle & Company in Chicago, it was one of a group of related drugs that the manufacturer thought might help in the treatment of allergies.

It seemed ordinary enough, this Dramamine, when the makers sent a packet of it to Johns Hopkins Allergy Clinic for testing. Drs. Leslie Gay and Paul Carliner decided the drug was not harmful and might help hay-fever sufferers.

Among their patients was a pregnant woman who suffered from hives caused by an allergy. They gave her some Dramamine capsules, and a few days later she was back with surprising news. The Dramamine had partially helped her hives, but it had done more. All her life, she had suffered from car sickness. Just after taking the first dose of Dramamine, she had ridden on a streetcar, but the usual wave of nausea had not hit at all. And the same thing had happened a second time.

The doctors saw no reason why Dramamine should have any effect on motion sickness, but they said: "Try some more capsules." Then, skeptically, they awaited her next report. It was enthusiastic.

"Try some more," the doctors told her. This time she came back with a different story. She had taken the capsules, yet the old motion sickness had returned.

The doctors were elated. Dramamine had not failed. The last capsules had been sugar pills!

Quietly the doctors began making inquiries among other patients at Johns Hopkins to find some who were affected by motion sickness. They also hunted up a few friends who had complained of car or airsickness. To them were handed some of the capsules, with instructions. "This just might happen to help you," the people were told.

Every person who took the capsules reported he had been completely free of discomfort, provided he took the drug just before using the means of transportation that had always made him miserable.

NOW, SAID THE DOCTORS, let's see what this mysterious drug does to seasickness. And let's see what it does for a lot of patients, not just a few. They talked to Dr. John E. Sheedy, chief surgeon of the *U. S. S. America*, and during the summer of 1948 many seasick passengers on this liner received the capsules. When Gay and Carliner saw the results, they knew they had something big. Dramamine had successfully attacked seasickness, too.

But they still lacked absolute proof that Dramamine was a sure cure for seasickness. The *America*

was a large ship and summer seas were not very rough. Could they devise a brutally tough test that would settle the question of whether Dramamine really was the long-sought cure for motion sickness?

Their answer was the idea for "Operation Seasickness." They reported their discoveries to the Chief of Staff and the Surgeon General of the U. S. Army, and the high brass asked: "What do you want us to do?"

"Give us a ship," said the doctors. And the Army agreed.

Thus began the strange voyage of the *General Ballou*, a chunky Army transport built originally as a Navy freighter for use in the Pacific. However, under the pressure of war, she had been converted into a troop carrier. Since then she had caused untold anguish to the unlucky soldiers aboard her. In a mild sea, the *Ballou* rolled drunkenly. In high seas, her pitching was a thing of horror.

For their test, the doctors decided on a November crossing, a time when the Atlantic would be running high and wild. Then they prowled about the ship to get a picture of the arrangement.

The *Ballou* was so constructed that 485 of the 1,366 men she carried could be housed in four identical compartments. Anyone who got sick in one compartment would suffer equally in the others.

The doctors devised an ingenious plan of action. The men in Compartment 3-E would receive Dramamine from the start of the voyage. Those in 3-F would receive sugar tablets. In 4-E, the doctors would wait until the men were good and sick, then give Dramamine.

The men in 4-F would be given sugar pills after they were ill. And every man in the four compartments would be kept under constant observation.

THE WATERS OF New York harbor were rolling gently when the ship waddled out to sea. The Atlantic was comparatively calm, but the *Ballou* started to pitch immediately. Gay and Carliner were unprepared for what followed. In their sober scientific report, they gave a brief description:

"Within 12 hours after the *Ballou* left New York, the corridors were congested by sick men. Those who managed to reach the latrines were unable to return to their compartments and remained stretched out in semiconscious condition until they were dragged back to the sick bay or to their hammocks."

Could Dramamine fight this reeling horror? The doctors found an exciting answer in Compartment 3-E. Here a near-miracle was in the making. Not one man was ill!

Eighteen hours out, the men in 3-E were deprived of Dramamine. In a few hours, 41 of them were in misery. Then the doctors gave them Dramamine again. Within 30 minutes to an hour, all except one regained normal health.

But now there was another question. Could these miraculous tablets cure seasickness in patients who had not previously taken Dramamine, as had the men in 3-E? The doctors got a partial answer in 3-F. Here, 35 men who had been receiving sugar tablets were violently ill. The doctors gave them Dramamine. Every one got well!

In 4-E, where the men had not

received tablets of any kind, 15 were violently ill. Dramamine cured 14, helped the 15th. And in 4-F, it worked similar wonders.

By now, the situation throughout the ship was serious, and the whole craft became a testing ground when Gay and Carliner ordered: "Give them all Dramamine!"

The yellow tablets were handed out to more than 300 sick men. But this was not as simple as it sounds. "Many were brought to the sick bay in a semiconscious state," the doctors reported. "A number had lain in their hammocks for three days without food or drink, and consequently could not walk, or even stand, when they were brought to the surgeon's office. Many lay stretched out on the

floor, too ill to retain even a capsule of the drug. To overcome this situation, the drug was administered rectally."

"Operation Seasickness" was sensationally successful, but Gay and Carliner did not rush to publicize it. There was more checking to be done. They had to be sure that Dramamine had no harmful effects. But now it can be revealed that, at last, medicine has an effective weapon against car sickness, seasickness and airsickness.

Doctors are still probing the mystery of how Dramamine works. Meanwhile, it is enough to know that the magic tablets are the means of preventing untold misery for thousands of people to whom travel was once a dreadful nightmare.

## How to S-T-R-E-T-C-H Your Family Budget

**A**S A RESPONSIBLE HOMEMAKER, you like to pay all bills promptly. And yet, if you are a practical-minded budgeteer, you probably find it difficult at times to live entirely within your budget, let alone have money enough left over for those many "extra" things the family hankers for.

Here is a challenge—and one that is sorely aggravated by today's ever-rising costs. But there is an interesting way of meeting it. By using your own phone . . . by doing a little local newspaper advertising . . . by mailing sales letters . . . and by personal calls among friendly neighbors and neighborly friends, you can build a pleasant yet profitable business, mostly in the comfort of your own home.

**FREE OFFER**—Write today for your free copy of "In Business for Yourself," which tells you how to establish and operate your own magazine subscription business—either full or part time.

Or, if you want to get started immediately, send 25 cents (to cover handling and postage) for a large Sales Kit, including "In Business for Yourself" and bargain price lists and supplies that will put you in business without delay. Address: The Coronet Agency Division, Dept. 234, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Ill.

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# GOD'S STREETCAR

by JOHN ALLEN

WHEN SUNDAY COMES to the town of Pritchard on the Mississippi Delta, no church bells ring out to summon the people to worship. Instead, the congregation gathers at an ancient streetcar that sits in a shady grove on the town's outskirts.

To visitors, the veteran trolley may strike an incongruous note. But to citizens of this tiny Delta community, it has a special significance. Not only is it Pritchard's sole house of worship—it is also a symbol of the perseverance and ingenuity of their pastor, the Rev. Tyrone Thomas Williams.

The story begins 30 years ago, when the Rev. Mr. Williams became pastor of the Presbyterian Church in near-by Tunica, and ends in the two-way adoption plan that brought Pritchard its unusual church. In the years between, Pastor Williams often expressed concern for the churchless settlement. One day, meeting with Tunica planter P. T. Howard, who had grown up in Pritchard and who shared the clergyman's concern for the community, the unhappy problem was solved.

The two men, who knew building an edifice was out of the question, discovered that F. L. Abernathy of Walls, Mississippi, owned 40 obsolete trolley cars. Enthusiastically, they set out to purchase one. But when Abernathy learned the purpose of their mission, he refused to accept a penny. Just cart it away, he said.

Today, the Pritchard worshipers are as proud of their streetcar as they would be of a cathedral. They are also proud that someone cared enough to adopt them as a town. In return, Pritchard has adopted the Rev. Mr. Williams, who, though he still belongs to Tunica, comes every Sunday to conduct services in the trolley that became a house of God.



ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORSLINE



## THE NATIONAL GUARD: Our Part-time Army

by RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.

Its volunteer soldiers are a vital factor in our blueprint for America's defense

**I**N THE RATTLING St. Louis street-car, a seven-year-old tugs at his father's sleeve. "Daddy," he asks, "what is that big building?"

The father glances at a battle-mented structure bearing a military designation over its vaulted gateway. "It's an armory, son," he replies. "Some sort of military outfit used to drill there. Maybe still does. I hear they hold dances and exhibitions there now."

In Chicago, a file of khaki-clad troops swings up Michigan Avenue. Passers-by regard them quizzically. One man remarks: "Nice-looking

soldiers. Are they Regular Army?" His companion shakes his head. "I see the word 'Illinois' on that flag over there. They could be Legionnaires or something."

In Salt Lake City, a tearful young housewife asks her husband for the tenth time: "But why do you have to go off to camp and be a soldier for two weeks? After all, no one else in your office has to."

In their own way, the St. Louis father, the Chicago bystander and the Salt Lake City wife were each voicing the collective question of millions of otherwise well-informed

Americans. As talk about military requirements is heard in more and more homes, people ask: "But what is the National Guard?"

They have heard of it, of course. They know the Guard, in some complicated way, is part of America's armed forces. A few even realize its importance in the national-defense blueprint. But, by and large, that ancient and honorable branch of our military establishment remains the least understood.

Many people believe the Guard is part of the Army's Reserve Corps. False. Left-wing labor leaders claim it is capitalism's "private army," called out to "break strikes." False. Some educators and churchmen charge that the Guard breeds militarism.

Actually, the Guard is the oldest military organization in America. Its ancestors were Continental militiamen of the 13 Colonies, whose voluntarily recruited units antedated by years establishment of the U.S. Army. In every war America has fought, the Guard has provided the core of trained soldiers who formed the nucleus for hard-hitting divisions and armies.

What makes the Guard really unique is its membership. For all Guardsmen—officers and enlisted men—are citizen-soldiers who voluntarily devote many afterwork hours to training. One night every week and for two weeks' active field duty in the summer, more than 360,000 men throughout America trade their civilian clothes for uniforms, and participate in drills, weapon fire and military tactics. For each duty night they receive a day's Regular Army pay, totaling annually from \$120 for

privates to \$698.25 for colonels—exclusive of two weeks' full pay for summer camp.

Each state organizes and controls its own Guard, with the Department of the Army supplying equipment and Regular Army instructors to supervise training. Likewise, the governor is the only man in peacetime who can mobilize his Guard—always for duty solely within state boundaries. In the event of a national emergency, however, the President can order the Guard to federal service.

**A**N OUTSTANDING modern Guard unit is the 144-year-old Seventh Regiment of New York City. Rich in tradition and history, the Seventh (now redesignated the 107th Infantry) boasts a colorful record of service in peace and strife.

The Seventh defended Washington against the Confederates in the Civil War, volunteered by a vote of 90 per cent when the Spanish-American War broke out, patrolled the Mexican border in 1916, and helped crush the Hindenburg Line in World War I. In World War II, the Seventh, its personnel selected as leaders for a variety of combat units, contributed some 2,300 expertly trained new officers.

At the Park Avenue Armory, only one in America owned by its members, all regimental officers are World War II veterans. The commander, Col. Harry Disston, divides his time between armory quarters and his civilian job as an executive of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. Likewise, all other officers and men are part-time soldiers to whom the regiment is nevertheless a vitally

important afterhours occupation.

Readiness is the keynote of the Seventh's year-round training program. Should some emergency endanger the city of New York, the Governor could call for overnight mobilization. Since its birth, the Seventh has many times helped to break up riots, suppress civil disorders, fight fires and protect public property. And just as the Seventh stands prepared to serve New York, so some 5,000 Guard outfits from coast to coast are always ready for active home-front duty.

When winter blizzards in 1949 blanketed entire Western states, urgent appeals went out to scores of local Guard units. In Arizona, the Guard's bulldozers cleared away drifts which had paralyzed traffic. A California sheriff's appeal to the 114th Anti-Aircraft Artillery Brigade for help in rescuing men and women marooned in the Laguna Mountains sent food-laden Guardsmen on a four-day expedition. They rescued 53 persons.

In Denver's armory, Guard soldiers manned a 24-hour relief center. Nebraska Guardsmen organized "Operation Snowbound," which dispatched rescue teams in track-equipped "weasels" to isolated homes. And in Nevada, Guardsmen from the 421st AAA Gun Battalion saved a sick rancher after driving a tractor, an ambulance and a huge truck over 85 miles of snow-jammed roads.

Meanwhile, rising waters in Mississippi forced Guard units onto a round-the-clock schedule of evacuating stranded families. One outfit, the 3656th Ordnance Medium Maintenance Company, was cited for rescuing eight persons, includ-

## Recruits Wanted

**W**HILE NATIONAL GUARD strength today has reached an all-time high, qualified young men are still needed for America's defense program. The National Guard of your state will welcome applicants between the ages of 17 and 35 for enlistment in local units.

Recruits enlist for three-year terms, during which time they receive, for each day's guard duty, full regular Army pay and benefits. Information may be obtained by visiting the Armory in your town, or by writing the Adjutant General, National Guard, in your state capital.

ing a year-old baby, from their perches atop floating debris.

In one month—June, 1948—Guard units in five states answered hurry calls for active service. The Oregon Guard, fighting the worst floods to menace the Northwest in years, sent out a radio-equipped amphibian truck to aid in the search for survivors. The 191st Engineer Combat Company of Steubenville, Ohio, dispatched three trucks to evacuate 13 families stranded when floodwaters threatened entire counties. Some 1,000 troops from 38 Iowa Guard units mobilized to protect property during the 19-day picketing of a strike-bound packing plant in Waterloo.

Meanwhile, in Minnesota, the Governor summoned 1,900 Guardsmen to maintain order at four packing companies where strikers had halted operations. And in Texas, two units of the 147th Armored Infantry Battalion were rushed to

provide rations and supplies for survivors of a tornado which hit the town of McKinney.

In September, 1949, Guardsmen in southern Florida were called out for the third time in three years for flood and hurricane duty. Posts were set up in damaged areas and armed Guardsmen, patrolling demolished buildings, successfully prevented looting. Other detachments worked among dangerous live wires to aid in rescue and salvage work.

But the peacetime activities of the National Guard are far from restricted to disaster duty. An infantry regiment in Tucson, Arizona, recently supplied 20 blood donors on a hurry call from the Red Cross. In 1948, it was a pilot from North Dakota's Air National Guard who reported having sighted one of the famous "flying disks," touching off nation-wide excitement and speculation. Sixty Texas Guardsmen lined up recently at the Medical Surgical Clinic in Weatherford for emergency blood transfusions. And in Oklahoma three drowning fishermen were rescued—thanks to an Air Guard officer who sighted them during a routine training flight and promptly radioed news of their

plight to a Tulsa broadcasting station.

Nor are all Guard "extracurricular" missions of such serious nature. When sponsors of the "Passion Play" in Des Moines, Iowa, bemoaned the lack of men to fill the roles of Roman soldiers, phone calls rounded up several dozen troopers who soberly donned beards and peaked helmets for the pageant. In Ann Arbor, Michigan, the Junior Chamber of Commerce was swamped by 300 visitors to an amateur fliers' breakfast meeting. Company K of the 125th Infantry promptly volunteered to pinch-hit as cooks and caterers.

Throughout America, alert, well-trained Guardsmen *practice* the preparedness which others too often acknowledge in words and seldom translate into action. Their sacrifice signifies far more than the comparatively few hours devoted to drills and maneuvers. For every officer and soldier knows that he will be "first to go" if war breaks. Meanwhile, quietly and virtually unheralded, these volunteer militiamen are marching in footprints etched by their courageous ancestors at Lexington and Concord.



### Feminine Version

ASKED ON AN EXAMINATION to "give an account of the creation of man," a small Los Angeles schoolgirl wrote:

"First God created Adam. He looked at him for a while and said, 'I think if I tried again I could do better.' Then He created Eve."

—IRVING HOFFMAN



## Home-town Heroes

by JOHN K. HUTCHENS

Young Ad Stone had the special brand of courage that can turn defeat into victory

POSTCARD SMITH was a little man who ran a stationery store opposite the ball park in our town in the Montana Rockies—a little man who had dreamed of being a big-league ballplayer. But he never was: he was five feet two inches tall.

So, instead, he umpired the high-school and town-team games—coached and watched the kids—was the town's leading authority on baseball lore—knew the old baseball *Guides* by heart. And he was self-appointed scout in our territory for the New York Giants, to whom he sent reports (he said) on minor league and semipro players he saw in his wanderings around the Northwest.

In his office were envelopes bear-

ing the Giants' address in one corner. Looking back now, I can guess they were routine acknowledgments of Postcard's gratuitous tips. But we were mightily impressed then. Maybe they were letters from John McGraw himself!

From a second-story window of the local newspaper office in those pre-radio days, a leather-lunged citizen used to yell World Series play-by-play results through a megaphone after getting flashes from the AP wire. But for expert analysis on the series, we listened to Postcard.

"Artie Nehf'll come in with his curve this time," Postcard would say when the count stood 3-and-2.

"Nehf comes in with his curve

for strike three!" the announcer would bellow through his megaphone a moment later. And we would gaze at Postcard with awe. Yes, if he hadn't been such a little guy, surely he would have become a big-league genius-manager, like Connie Mack or McGraw!

One spring in the early 1920s, a local high-school kid developed fast as a second baseman. Postcard spent hours with him, drilling grounders at him, showing him how to pivot on the double play; then sent him over to Butte to join a semipro league.

And sure enough, this kid—let's call him Ad Stone—began to burn up the league there, and pretty soon the Butte papers were full of stories about his classy play.

When a fistful of these stories had appeared, Postcard sent them off to the Giants. And apparently the Giants had been following the boy too, because one day Postcard got a letter saying they would give Ad a once-over at their Texas training camp.

On a late winter morning, Ad left—Postcard making a speech at the station, giving the boy some last-minute advice and a new pair of spiked shoes. Then Postcard took out subscriptions to the New York papers in which he would read of Ad's progress to stardom.

Another two weeks, and he put up a bulletin board in the window of his tiny shop, and on the board he put any clippings that mentioned Ad. "Stone singled to left off Artie Nehf yesterday in a game between the regulars and the rookies." "Stone went far to his right to rob Frisch of an almost-certain single over second base."

But then the bulletins became fewer and Postcard began to look worried. "The boy must be injured," he said.

Then no clippings at all, and one day Postcard's store didn't open. A sign said: "Closed until further notice." Somebody came up with the answer, a note in one of the baseball papers: "Ad Stone, a flashy kid who looked good until the pitchers made the old and (for a rookie) unpleasant discovery—he couldn't hit a curve."

Ad must already have written the news to Postcard, who wouldn't or couldn't face us. But finally, he came back to his store. Some of the rougher kidders among the town sports had quite a time with Postcard. "When's Eddie Collins coming home?" they would ask him. And "Do we get a look at your Rogers Hornsby soon?"

Finally he turned on his tormentors. "Next Saturday," he said. "And I'll be there to meet him!"

So next Saturday we were all at the train. Ad climbed off a day coach, with his cardboard suitcase and a Texas tan—but looking pale through that tan. And older.

The boy saw the crowd, and was startled. Then he looked at Postcard, who seemed suddenly old and beaten—a fallen sage. Ad threw his arms around the little man and said: "I wish I'd made good for you, Postcard. But even if I did flop, you were mighty good to get up this welcome for me. It's fine to be home!"

Some of the kidders began to look ashamed. There they were, the 18-year-old kid calm and collected, and Postcard really weeping. We were all embarrassed and

looked to Ad to save the situation. With the little man's place in the community hanging in the balance, Ad said: "You know what Mr. McGraw says to me just before I left, Postcard? He says, 'Give my regards to Postcard Smith. Tell him I want him to keep watching for ballplayers for me.'"

Postcard brightened.

Ad went on: "Mr. McGraw says, 'It wasn't Postcard's fault he didn't see you couldn't hit a curve. Up in that altitude, you don't get much curve ball pitching.'"

Postcard was almost alive again. Ad clinched it: "The last thing

Mr. McGraw says to me was, 'I doubt there's a smarter baseball man than Postcard Smith between the Twin Cities and the Coast. Tell him that for me.'"

Did Postcard believe that large white lie? I didn't know. I still don't know. But I know that when the parade started down the street toward the little stationery store, Postcard's late detractors were standing in fresh awe of him—and cheering the kid who had been to the far places, had got one hit off the great southpaw, Artie Nehf, had failed to make good, and wasn't afraid to come home.

Now . . .



as Then

WHILE LIVING in the nation's capital, a businessman formed the habit of visiting the Lincoln Memorial from time to time. Like countless others, he had found in Lincoln a true symbol of democracy, and when he felt the need of renewed faith and inspiration he made a pilgrimage to the famous shrine.

Transferred to a distant city by his firm, on the morning of his departure he felt strangely impelled to go out and bid farewell to his friend Lincoln. Taxicabs were busy and it was some time before he was able to hail one. Rather apologetically, he inquired of the driver if he would make the long trip to the Memorial.

"Glad to," said the cabby. "I haven't been down to see him yet today myself."

A BRIEF SKETCH of Lincoln's life: 1831—Failed in business; 1832—Defeated for Legislature; 1838—Defeated for elector; 1843—Defeated for Congress; 1848—Defeated for Senate; 1856—Defeated for Vice-President; 1860—Elected President of the United States. —*Kreolite News*

THOUSANDS OF APPEALS for pardon came to Lincoln from soldiers involved in military discipline. Each appeal was usually supported by letters from influential people. One day a single sheet of paper was placed before Lincoln, an appeal from a soldier without supporting documents.

"What," exclaimed the President, "has this man no friends?"

"No, sir, not one," said the adjutant.

"Then," said Lincoln, "I will be his friend."

—CARL SANDBURG, *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*



## FORTUNE TELLERS NEVER STARVE

by WILLIAM LINDSAY GRESHAM

There are always enough suckers to keep America's so-called seers in business

A YOUNG WOMAN in a beauty parlor was babbling to a friend. "My dear," she said, "you *must* consult him—I just *know* he can help you. Why, he saved my marriage! You remember when that woman—well, I did just what *he* said, and everything was all right. He looks right into your *heart*, and you come away feeling so much better! He's simply wonderful!"

Her pastor? Unfortunately, no. The lady was talking about her fortune teller.

No one knows exactly how much money the American public spends yearly on swamis, fake astrologers, tea-leaf readers, crystal gazers,

"character analysts" and "futurist counselors"—most of them as much fortune tellers as the old gypsy in her caravan. Fifteen years ago the fees were estimated at \$125,000,000, and they may easily have doubled. "Office mediums" who used to charge a dollar now charge five.

It is usual, but inaccurate, to dismiss crooked fortune tellers as mere swindlers. A majority of them depend on "repeat trade," and to bring a customer back you must give him *something* for his money, though it may not be the promised knowledge of the future. By trial and error, by shrewd observation of men, many fortune tellers have long

since worked out some of the great truths that psychology has only recently discovered.

Bouvier's *Law Dictionary* defines a fortune teller as "one who pretends to be able to reveal future events; one who pretends to knowledge of futurity." And this sort of prediction, when done for money, is illegal in many localities. The law, however, leaves room for a multitude of evasions.

The most legal method of fortune telling is also the most efficient. A crystal ball may be seized and produced in court as evidence; the ghost of your grandmother, giving you sage advice in a dark room, may be grasped in the hand and revealed as phosphorescent cheesecloth. But the "cold reader," as he is called in the trade, works with nothing but his knowledge of men and his colossal nerve.

He reads your mind "cold"—when you walk in he has never seen you before and knows nothing about you. He looks you over and proceeds to pluck out of your mind your past, your troubles, your hopes and your fears. As long as he remembers to add, "Of course, I do not claim any occult knowledge of the future!" he is usually quite safe legally.

Indeed, he may well have started with an M.D. or Ph.D. before he discovered the rich rewards of occultism. I know of a girl trained as a psychiatric social worker who is now reading palms in a carnival. Her professional knowledge paid very little, before she learned to give it an occult disguise.

A friend of mine, for many years a successful tax-consultant, became a mind reader just for the fun

of it. He had learned about human nature from his tax clients.

A successful magician turned "mental" told me, "The first season I went out, I worked hotels as an entertainer and gave private readings on the side. After six weeks I carried on with nothing but the cold reading. I'm telling you, a man who can work the cold reading will never starve."

VERY LITTLE HAS BEEN written on the technique of the cold reading, which has been called "just applied psychology." A favorite formula begins with an exploratory opening, followed by a character analysis; then the formula passes to the main subjects of human interest—love and money; health and illness; friends and enemies; dangers and dreams. A dash of mystery, a solemn warning, a piece of good advice. Then the close, designed to convince the sucker, or "mark," of your supernal wisdom and bring him back for more.

The human mind is a sieve, holding what interests it and letting the rest go. A fortune teller's rapid 20-minute "spiel" may be designed only to give a sucker more than he can possibly remember, so he remembers only the "hits."

The reader who only wants the client back next Tuesday may fall back on a memorized spiel to cover an awkward mistake, or to deal with a tough client whose face tells him nothing. Usually, however, he relies on his ability to read faces and to lead the client into unconscious admissions—skills which take long practice to develop.

Of the skilled cold readers I know, only one talked freely. He

will hereinafter be designated as "John Doe, Doctor of Mental Science," a smooth-tongued old gentleman with the benevolent eye of Santa Claus and nerves of cast iron.

Dr. Doe's clients, whom I watched all one afternoon from behind doors that he left ajar for me, never knew how often they nodded, gasped, or stammered half-finished sentences of information. They left, swearing they had never even opened their mouths.

Whenever I became baffled, the good doctor would explain proudly. "Now suppose we take that woman with the rundown heels, for instance . . ."

She crossed the floor toward Doe clutching her pocket-book nervously. On her ring finger there was a telltale mark—she had removed her wedding ring, as many do, with some muddled idea of fooling the fortune teller. By the time she sat down, Doc had her classified.

Wife, probably at least two small children—she had that hunted look. Age about 35; looks beginning to go; clothes good last year but this year made over inexpertly. That meant less money this year than last. No servants—the hands revealed that. Conservative, unimaginative, timid—the uninspired costume and the timorous mouth and eyes were clues. Strain in the eyes, anxiety and some self-pity in the mouth. Probably husband trouble.

"My dear lady," he began, speaking quickly, "I am glad you have

come to consult me, for I feel I can be of help. . . . You understand, of course, that I make no claim to occult powers and do not predict the future in any way . . .

"Now I see that your *husband* is giving you some anxiety, isn't that so?" Right the first time; the lady's eyes widened, sure sign of a hit. The doctor fished. "There is another person, a woman . . ."

Wrong; the eyes narrowed. Try money. Ah, warmer—

"... and this sum of money, which must be paid . . . I see that this is not the main difficulty, there is some anxiety concerning your husband, a lack of will power—" the eyes have widened again—"to stand up to his boss . . . or is it rather that he lacks

will power in his leisure hours—" Aha! "Then his weakness for a few drinks . . . or gambling . . . I seem to see cards scattered on a table . . ."

Whoa! The brows have knitted.

"No, this weakness doesn't alarm you but one temptation he cannot resist takes the money you need, not for yourself for I can see you are not greedy (nothing like flattery to soften them up) but for your children. And I see crowds, bright colors . . . horses. Madame, your husband is a race-track addict, isn't he?"

The eyes filled with tears, and the doctor added: "There is no way I could have known this. I just plucked it out of your mind . . ."

You're in, Doctor. Treat her

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kindly now, and she will tell her whole life story. Later, you can tell it right back to her, and she will go away swearing she never opened her mouth.

Many readings, after the opening has opened up the client, become listenings. At the end, my fortune-teller friend comes in with a little common-sense advice, a little sympathy, and a reminder of how great his powers are. The client goes home almost dizzy with relief; next week, when the load returns to her mind, she can always come back.

With less worried clients, a reader may pass from his opening to his character analysis, and what he sees and what he says are two different things!

A spiteful woman's mouth has a telltale line. "You have suffered a great deal," says Dr. Doe, "from malicious people. You are too trusting and generous . . ." That's the way she sees herself.

A bad-tempered man betrays himself in nostrils and lips. "You are easily stirred by unfairness, but the world's lack of understanding makes you keep yourself under rigid control . . ." That's what *he* thinks; his wife thinks otherwise.

The cold reader, in short, may learn to describe people as they see themselves, remembering that every man thinks he is unique, that every woman *knows* she is.

If the mark does not burst into speech, the reader now can easily proceed to his subheadings. Love is the first for the young, money for the mature, health for the old.

"I can see," he tells a pretty, self-satisfied girl, "that you are very popular. In fact, you are having difficulty choosing between two or more opportunities . . ."

The fortune teller's most lucrative clients are not necessarily women, however. Financial and political leaders are often the most rewarding. With them the gambit is money, and many prosperous soothsayers peddle market advice.

Dr. Doe usually concludes by inviting questions, thus starting the most suspicious sucker talking; and whatever the client says, the reader cuts in with, "Ah, you remember I read that in your mind!" His purpose now is to bring the client to depend on him absolutely—at least until his money gives out.

Thus it is undeniable that crooked fortune telling often does serious harm. In addition to those suckers who are simply swindled out of large sums, many others are bled slowly, and the psychological damage may be serious. Dr. Doe frankly admits that as a cold reader he encourages his victims in confused thinking and superstition.

Most people who consult a Dr. Doe may think they want to know the future. If that is the case they will get what they deserve—a guess. But most of the reader's clients actually need only a little common-sense advice, sympathy, a listening ear, and a few kind words. And these, such readers as Dr. Doe will go on providing until properly trained psychological counselors are as common as blackberries.

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A Gem from the  
Coronet Story Teller

# The Phantom Cats

ONE DAY IN 1938, a small group of bewildered employees appeared in Col. Frank Knox's office in the new Chicago *Daily News* building. In their midst stood an equally confused milkman. The famous publisher looked up.

"It's the cat," the milkman explained. "I used to deliver milk every night to the old building on Wells Street for the cat."

"What cat?"

"I never actually saw the cat," the milkman admitted. "I took over the route and delivered the milk like the guy ahead of me. And every two weeks I'd come to the *News* business office and collect."

"You mean you actually got money?" the publisher inquired.

"I certainly did," said the milkman. "But now they've torn down the old building and there's no place to put the milk, so . . ."

Intrigued by the mystery, Knox began a patient search for the origin of the phantom cat. Gradually a fantastic tale unfolded.

One snowy evening, the wife of Victor Lawson, founder and pub-

lisher, had come to the ancient *News* building to pick up her husband. On the icy steps she stumbled over a famished cat. She carried it to the business office and handed it to the cashier.

"We'll fix up a home for it in the pressroom," she said. "And see that it gets a quart of milk a day."

So the milk was ordered. Then, one day, the cat quietly passed on. But other stray cats took its place and the pressroom foreman said nothing.

Eventually Mrs. Lawson died. The foreman retired and another took his place. But every day a milkman delivered a quart of milk.

When the *News* finally abandoned its ancient quarters, the milk faithfully appeared, and the watchman gave it to stray cats in the alleyways. Then the wreckers came, and the puzzled milkman went to Knox.

It was the end of a long tradition. Mrs. Lawson had given an impulsive order in 1908, and left an unwitting bequest of nearly 11,000 quarts of milk to a cat and its phantom descendants.

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